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~~D. 1622. 72, 73~~
Bosworth-field:

WITH
A TASTE OF
THE VARIETY OF
OTHER POEMS, LEFT
by Sir *John Beaumont*, Baro-
net, deceased:

SET FORTH BY HIS
SONNE, SIR JOHN BEAV-
MONT, Baronet;

And dedicated to the Kings most
Excellent Maiestie.



LONDON,

Printed by *Felix Kyngston* for *Henry Seile*, and are
to be sold at the Tygers head in *Saint Pauls*
Churchyard. 1629.



1550.88



TO THE KINGS
MOST EXCEL-
LENT MAIE-
STIE.

Most Gracious Soueraigne,

Here present at the feet of your Sa-
cred Maiesty these Orphan Verses,
whose Author (had hee suruined)
might haue made this Gift some-
what more correspondent to so Great a Pa-
tron. I haue only endeauored without Art, to
set this Iewell, and render it apt for your Ma-
iesties acceptance; to which boldnes I am led
by a filiall duty in performing the will of my
Father, who, whil'st he liued, did euer intend
to your Maiesty these Poems: Poems, in
which no obscene sport can bee found (the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

contrary being too frequent a crime among Poets,) while these (if not too bold I speake) will challenge your Maiestie for their Patron, since it is most conuenient, that the purest of Poems should be directed to You, the Vertuousest & most vntoucht of Princes, the Delight of *Brittaine*, and the Wonder of *Europe*; at the Altar of whose Iudgement, bright erected flames, not troubled fumes, dare approach. To your Maiestie must bee directed the most precious off-springs of each Muse which though they may well bee esteemed Starres, yet how can they subsist without the aspect of You their Sun? Receiue then, Great King, these my Fathers Verses, and let them find, (what his Son hath found) your Princely clemency. Effect on them (I beseech your Maiesty) a Kingly worke, giue them life, and withal graciously please to accept the sincere wishes for your felicity, and the humble vowes of

Your Maiesties euer
loyall Subiect,

John Beaumont.

Ad

An Elegy to the liuing memory of his deceased Friend, Sir *Iohn Beaumont*, Knight,
Baronet.

TO tell the World what it hath lost in thee,
Were but in vaine; for such as cannot see,
Would not be grien'd to heare, the morning light
Should neuer more succeed the gloomy night.

Such onely whom thy Vertue made, or found
Worthy to know thee, can receiue this wound:
Of these each man will duly pay his teares
To thy great Memory, and when he heares
One fam'd for Vertue, he will say, So blest,
So good his Beaumont was, and weepe the rest,
If Knowledge shall be mention'd, or the Arts,
Soone will be reckon vp thy better parts:
At naming of the Muses, he will streight
Tell of thy Workes, where sharpe and high conceit,
Cloath'd in sweet Verse, giue thee immortall Fame,
Whil'st Ignorance doth scorne a Poets Name:
And then shall his imagination strue,
To keepe thy gratefull Memory a line,

By Poems of his owne; for that might bee,
Had he no Muse by force of knowing thee.
This maketh me (who in the Muses Quire
Sing but a Meane) thus boldly to aspire,
To pay sad duties to thy honor'd Herse,
With my vnpolish'd lines, and ruder Verse.
Yet dreame I not of raising amongst men
A lasting fame to thee by my fraile Pen:
But rather hope, something may line of me,
(Perhaps this Paper) hauing mention'd thee.

Thomas Neuill.

An Elegy, dedicated to the memory of his
much honoured friend, Sir John Beaumont,
Knight and Baronet.

I Write not Elegies, nor tune my Verse,
To waite in mourning notes vpon thy Herse
For vaine applause, or with desire to rank
My slender Muse' mongst those, who on the bank
Of Aganippe's streame can better sing,
And to their words more sence of sorrow bring.
That stirres my Genius, which should excite
Those pow'rfull wits: to doe a pious Right
To noble vertue, and by verse conuay
Truth to Posterity, and shew the way
By strong example, how in mortall state
We heau'nly Worth may loue, and imitate.
Nay, 'twere a great Iniustice, not to saue
Him from the ruines of a silent Graue,
Who others from their Ashes sought to raise,
To weare (giu'n from his hand) eternall Bayes.
It is by all confes's'd, thy happy Straines,
Distill'd from milky streames of natine veines,

Did

Did like the living source of Naso's Song,
Flow to the Eare, thence gently glide along
Downe to the Heart, in notes so beaunly-sweet,
That there the Sister-graces seem'd to meet,
And make thy Brest their Seate for soft retire,
And place from whence they fetch'd Promethean Fire,
To kindle other hearts with purest Flame
Of modest Verse, and vnaffected Fame:
While pedant Poetasters of this Age,
(Who stile their sauncy Rimes, Poëtique Rage)
Loose humours vent, and Ballad-lines exirude,
Which grieue the Wise, captiue the multitude.
And that thy Poems might the better take,
Not with vaine sound, or for the Authors sake,
Which often is by seruile spirits tryde,
Whil'st heau'n-bred soules are left vnsatisfyde;
Like to the Bee, thou didd'st those Flow'rs select,
That most the tastefull palate might affect,
With pious relishes of things Diuine,
And discomposed sence with peace combine.
Which (in thy Crowne of Thornes) we may discern,
Fram'd as a Modell for the best to learne:
That Verse may Vertue teach, as well as Prose,
And minds with natine force to Good dispose,
Deuotion stirre, and quicken cold Desires,
To entertaine the warmth of holy Fires.
There may we see thy Soule expaciate,
And with true feruor sweetly meditate

Vpon

Upon our Saviours sufferings; that while
Thou seek'st his painefull torments to beguile,
With well-tun'd Accents of thy zealous Song,
Breath'd from a soule transfix'd; a Passion strong,
We better knowledge of his woes attaine,
Fall into Teares with thee, and then againe,
Rise with thy Verse to celebrate the Flood
Of those eternall Torrents of his Blood.
Nor lesse delight (Things serious set apart)
Thy sportive Poems yeeld with heedfull Art
Composed so, to minister content,
That though we there thinke onely Wit is meant,
We quickly by a happy error, find
In cloudy words, cleare Lampes to light the mind.
Then blesse that Muse, which by vntrodden wayes
Pursuing Vertue, meetes deserved Bayes
To crowne it selfe, and wandring soules reduce
From paths of Ignorance, and wits abuse;
And may the best of English Laureats strine,
Thus, their owne Fun'rall Ashes to suruine.

Thomas Hawkins.

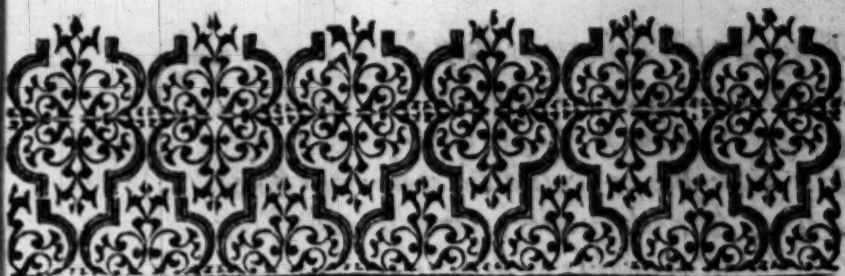
To



To the worthy Muse of his Noble Friend,
Sir Iohn Beaumont, Knight
Baronet.

WE doe not vsber forth thy Verse with these,
That shine may by our prayse the better please:
That were impertinent, and we too weake,
To adde a grace, where eu'ry line doth speake,
And sweetly Eccho out in this rich store,
All we can any way pretend, and more.
Yet since we stand engag'd, we this make knowne,
Thy Lyes are vnaffected; Free; Thine owne;
Thy Periods, Cleare; Expressions, Genuine;
Muse most Emphaticall; and Wit, Diuine.

Thomas Hawkins.



A Congratulation to the Muses, for the immortalizing of his deare Father, by the sacred Vertue of Poetry.

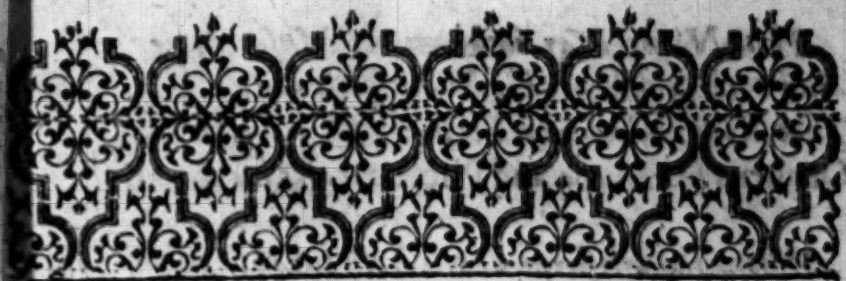
YE heau'nly Sisters, by whose sacred skill,
Sweet sounds are rays'd upon the forked bill
Of high Parnassus: You, whose tuned strings
Can cause the Birds to stay their nimble wings,
And silently admire: before whose feet,
The Lambs, as fearelesse, with the Lions meet.
You, who the Harpe of Orpheus so inspir'd,
That from the Stygian Lake he safe retir'd;
You could Amphions Harpe with vertue fill,
That euen the stones were pliant to his will.
To you, you therefore I my Verse direct,
From whom such beames celestiall can reflect
On that deare Author of my life inspir'd
VWith heauenly beate, and sacred Fury fir'd;
VWhose Vigour, quencht by death, you now reuine,
And in this Booke conserue him still aline.
Here liues his better part, here shines that Flame,
VWhich lights the entrance to eternall Fame.

These

*These are his Triumphs ouer death, this Spring
From Aganippe's Fountaines he could bring
Cleare from all drosse, through pure intentions drain'd,
His draughts no sensuall waters euer stain'd.
Behold, he doth on euery paper strow
The loyall thoughts he did his Son'raigne owe.
Here rest affections to each neereſt friend,
And pious sighs, which noble thoughts attend;
Parnassus him containes, plast in the Quire
With Poets: what then can we more desire
To haue of him? Perhaps an empty voyce,
While him we wrong with our contentlesse choyce,
To you I this attribute, Sisters nine;
For onely you can cause this VVorke diuine;
By none but you could these bright fires beſound;
Prometheus is not from the Rocke vnbound,
No Æsculapius still remaines on earth,
To giue Hippolitus a second birth.
Since then such Godlike pow'rs in you remaine,
To worke these wonders, let some soule containe
His spirit of sweet musicke, and infuse
Into some other brest his sparkling Muse.
But you perhaps, that all your pow'r may speake:
VVill chuse to worke on subiects dull and weake:
Chuse me, inspire my frozen brest with heat,
No Deed you euer wrought, can seeme more great.*

John Beaumont.

Vpon



Vpon the following Poems of my deare Father, Sir Iohn Beaumont, Baronet, deceased.

YOU, who prepare to reade graue Beaumonts Verse,
And at your entrance view my lowly straines,
Expect no flatt'ring prayeses to reherse
The rare perfections, which this Booke containes.

But onely here in these few Lines, behold
The debt which I unto a Parent owe;
Who, though I cannot his true Worth unfold,
May yet at least a due affection show.

For should I strine to decke the Vertues high,
Which in these Poems (like faire Gemmes) appeare;
I might as well adde brightnesse to the skie,
Or with new splendour make the Sunne more cleare.

Since eu'ry Line is with such beauties grac'd,
That nothing farther can their prayeses sound:
And that deare Name which on the Front is plac'd,
Declares what ornaments within are found.

That

That Name, I say, in whom the Muses meete,
And with such heate his Noble spirit raise,
That Kings admire his Verse, whil'st at his feete,
Orpheus his Harpe, and Phœbus casts his Bayes.

Whom, though fierce death hath taken from our sight
And caus'd that curious Hand to write no more;
Yet maruell not if from the sun'r all Rites
Proceed these branches neuer scene before.

For from the Corne arise not fruitfull Eares,
Except at first the earth receive the same:
Nor those rich Odors which Arabia beares,
Send forth sweet smells, vlesse consum'd with flame.

So from the ashes of this Phœnix flye
These off-springs, which with such fresh glory shine;
That whil'st time runneth, he shall neuer dye,
But still be honour'd in this famous Shrine:
To which, this Verse alone I humbly giue;
He was before: but now begins to live.

Francis Beaumont.

Vpon

Vpon these Poems of his dearest Brother,
Sir Iohn Beaumont, Baronet.

V *Hen lines are drawn greater then Nature, And
Commands the Obiect, and the Eye to part,
Bids them to keepe at distance, know their place,
Where to receiue, and where to giue their grace;
I am too neere thee, Beaumont, to define
Which of those Lineaments is most diuine,
And to stand farther off from thee, I chuse
In silence rather to applaude thy Muse,
And lose my censure; tis enough for mee
To ioy, my Pen was taught to mone by thee.*

George Fortescue.

On the honor'd Poëms of his honored
Friend, Sir Iohn Beaumont,
Baronet.

THis Booke will live; It hath a Genius: This
Above his Reader, or his Prayser, is.
Hence, then, prophane: Here needs no words expense
In Bulwarkes, Rau'lins, Ramparts, for defense,
Such, as the creeping common Pioners use
When they doe sweate to fortifie a Muse.
Though I confesse a Beaumonts Booke to bee
The Bound, and Frontire of our Poëtrie;
And doth deserue all muniments of praise,
That Art, or Ingine, on the strength can raise.
Yet, who dares offer a redoubt to reare?
To cut a Dike? or sticke a Stake up, here,
Before this worke? where Enuy hath not cast
A Trench against it, nor a Battray plac't?
Stay till she make her vaine Approches. Then
If maymed, she come off, Tis not of men
This Fort of so impregnable acesse,
But higher power, as spight could not make lesse,
Nor flatter'y! but secur'd, by the Authors Name,
Defies, whats crosse to Piety, or good Fame.
And like a hallow'd Temple, free from taint
Of Ethnicisme, makes his Muse a Saint.

Ben. Ionsen.

To the deare Remembrance of his No-
ble Friend, Sir Iohn Beaumont,
Baronet.

THis Posthumus, from the braue Parents Name,
Likely to be the heire of so much Fame,
Can haue at all no portion by my prayse:
Onely this poore Branch of my wish'ring Bayes
offer to it; and am very glad,
yet haue this; which if I better had,
My Loue should build an Altar, and thereon
should offer vp such VVreaths as long agoe,
Those daring Grecians, and proud Romans crownd;
Gaiing that honour to their most Renown'd.

But that braue World is past, and we are light,
After those glorious dayes, into the night
Of these base times, which not one Heröe haue,
Onely an empty Tittle, which the graue
Shall soone deuoure; whence it no more shall sound,
Which neuer got vp higher then the ground.

Thy care for that which was not worth thy breath,
Brought on too soone thy much lamented death.

But Heav'n was kind, and would not let thee see
The Plagues that must upon this Nation be,
By whom the Muses have neglected bin,
Which shall adde weight and measure to their sinne;
And have already had this curse from us,
That in their pride they should grow barbarous.

There is no splendor, that our Pens can give
By our most labor'd lines, can make thee live
Like to thine owne, which able is to raise
So lasting pillars to prop up thy prayse,
As time shall hardly shake, untill it shall
Ruine those things, that with it selfe must fall.

Mi. Drayton.

ne ;

*Ad posthumum opus D. Io. Bello-montij
Equitis aurati & Baronetti, viri
Nobilissimi,
Hondecasyllabon.*

L *Ectum* discubui ; biceps gemello
Parnassus bijugo imminebat : vnde
Fontes defiliunt leues, loquaces ;
Pellucet vitreo liquore fontes.
Sudo sub *Ioue*, sydere & secundo
Discumbo. Teneras rosas pererro
Narcissum, *Violas* odore gratas,
Vnguento *Ambrosio* has & has refectas.
Quas inter *Philomela* cantitillat
Præpes, blandula, mellilinguis ales.
Quas inter volitant *Apollinesque*,
Et *Musæ* *Veneresque* mille, mille.

Insomne hoc tibi somnium quid audet ?
Altum effare noëma bello-montis :
Effatum euge ! Poëma *Bello-montis* est
Dium, castalium nitens, politum ;

Libatum salibus, lepore tinctum.
Decurrens velut amnis alti monte
Feruet delicijs, ruit profundo
Beaumontus larice. Altiùs resultat
Fertur, nec tenui nec vſitatâ
Pennâ per liquidam ætheram, biformis.
Hic *Phœbi* deus eſt, decus cohortis
Summum *Palladiæ*, iubar ſororum,
Ipſe & ſos *Venerum*, reſurgo; *legi*.

Ph. Kin.

Vpon

Upon the Honored Poems of his Vnknowne
Friend, Sir Iohn Beaumont, Baronet.

I Knew thee not, I speake it to my shame:
But by that cleare, and equall Voyce of Fame,
VWhich (with the Sunnes bright course) did ioyntly
Thy glorious Name, about each Hemisphere. (beare
Whiles I who had confin'd my selfe to dwell
Within the strait bounds of an obscure Cell,
Tooke in those pleasing beames of VVit and VVorth,
Which, where the Sunne could neuer shine, breake forth:
Therewith I did refresh my weaker sight,
When others bath'd themselves in thy full light.
But when the dismall rumour was once spread,
That struck all knowing soules, of Beaumont dead:
Above thy best Friends 'twas my benefite,
To know thee onely by thy living VVit;
And whereas others might their losse deplore,
Thou liu'st to me iust as thou didst before.
In all that we can value Great, or Good,
VWhich were not in these cloathes of flesh and blood,
Thou now hast laid aside, but in that mind,
That onely by it selfe could be confin'd,
Thou liu'st to me, and shalt for ever raine,
In both the issues of thy Blood and Braine.

Ia.Cl.



Bosworth Field:

WITH CERT-
TAIN OTHER
POEMS, &c.

He Winters storme of Ciuill warre I
sing,
Whose end is crown'd with our eter-
nall Spring,
Where Roses ioyn'd, their colours
mixe in one,

And armies fight no more for *Englands* Throne.
Thou gracious Lord, direct my feeble Pen,
Who (from the actions of ambitious men,
Hast by thy goodnesse drawne our ioyfull good,
And made sweet flowres, & Oliues grow from blood,
While we delighted with this faire release,
May clime *Parnassus*, in the dayes of peace.

The King (whose eyes were neuer fully clos'd,
Whose minde opprest, with feareful dreames suppos'd,

B

That

That he in blood had wallow'd all the night)
 Leapes from his restless bed, before the light :
 Accursed *Tirell* is the first he spies,
 Whom threatning with his dagger, thus he cries ;
How darst thou, villaine, so disturbe my sleepe,
Were not the smother'd children buried deepe ?
And hath the ground againe been ript by thee,
That I their rotten carcases might see ?
 The wretch astonisht, hastes away to slide,
 (As damned ghosts themselues in darkenesse hide)
 And calles vp three, whose counsels could asswage
 The sudden swellings of the Princes rage:
 Ambitious *Lonell*, who to gaine his grace,
 Had stain'd the honour of his Noble race :
 Perfidious *Catesby*, by whose curious skill,
 The Law was taught to speake his Masters will :
 And *Ratcliffe*, deeply learn'd in courtly Art,
 Who best could search into his Sou'raignes hart ;
 Affrighted *Richard*, labours to relate
 His hideous dreames, as signes of haplesse Fate :
Alas (said they) such fictions children feare,
These are not terrors, shewing danger neare,
But motines sent by some propitious power,
To make you watchfull at this early hower ;
These proue that your victorious care prevents
Your slouthfull foes, that slumber in their tents,
This precious time must not in vaine be spent,
Which God (your helpe) by heau'nly meanes hath lent.

He

He (by these false coniectures) much appeas'd,
 Concerning fancies, which his minde diseas'd,
 Replies : *I should haue been asham'd to tell*
Fond dreames to wise men : whether Heav'n or Hell,
Or troubled Nature these effects hath wrought :
I know, this day requires another thought,
If some resistlesse strength my cause should crosse,
Feare will increas(e, and not redeeme the losse ;
All dangers clouded with the mist of feare,
Seeme great farre off, but lessen comming neare.
Away, ye blacke illusions of the night,
If ye combin'd with Fortune, haue the might
To hinder my designs : ye shall not barre
My courage seeking glorious death in warre.
 Thus being chear'd, he calles aloud for armes,
 And bids that all should rise, whō *Morpheus* charmes.
 Bring me (saith he) the harnessse that I wore
 At *Tenxbury*, which from that day no more
 Hath felt the battries of a cinill strife,
 Nor stood betweene destruction and my life.
 Vpon his brest-plate he beholds a dint,
 Which in that field young *Edwards* sword did print:
 This stirres remembrance of his heinous guilt,
 When he that Princes blood so foulely spilt.
 Now fully arm'd, he takes his helmet bright,
 Which like a twinkling starre, with trembling light
 Sends radiant lustre through the darksome aire;
 This maske will make his wrinkled visage faire.

But when his head is couer'd with the steele,
 He telles his seruants, that his temples feele
 Deepe-piercing stings, which breed vnusuall paines,
 And of the heavy burden much complaines.
 Some marke his words, as tokens fram'd t' expresse
 The sharpe conclusion of a sad successe.
 Then going forth, and finding in his way
 A souldier of the Watch, who sleeping lay;
 Enrag'd to see the wretch neglect his part,
 He strikes a sword into his trembling heart,
 The hand of death, and iron dulnesse takes
 Those leaden eyes, which nat'rall ease forsakes:
 The King this morning sacrifice commends,
 And for example, thus the fact defends;
 Ileane him as I found him, fit to keepe
 The silent doores of euerlasting sleepe.

Still *Richmond* slept: for worldly care and feare
 Haue times of pausing, when the soule is cleare,
 While Heau'ns Director, whose reuengefull brow
 Would to the guilty head no rest allow,
 Lookes on the other part with milder eyes:
 At his command an Angell swiftly flies
 From sacred truths perspicuous gate, to bring
 A crysell vision on his golden wing.
 This Lord thus sleeping, thought he saw and knew
 His lamblike Vnkle, whom that Tiger slew,
 Whose powerfull words encourage him to fight:
Goe on in st scourge of murder, vertues light,

*The combate, which thou shalt this day endure,
 Makes Englands peace for many ages sure,
 Thy strong inuasion cannot be withstood,
 The earth affixts thee with the cry of blood,
 The heau'n shall blesse thy hopes, and crowne thy ioyes,
 See how the Fiends with loud and dismall noyse,
 (Presaging Vultures, greedy of their prey)
 On Richards tent their scaly wings display.
 The holy King then offer'd to his view
 A liuely tree, on which three branches grew :
 But when the hope offruit had made him glad,
 All fell to dust : at which the Earle was sad ;
 Yet comfort comes againe, when from the roote
 He sees a bough into the North to shoote,
 Which nourisht there, extends it selfe from thence,
 And girds this Iland with a firme defence :
 There he beholds a high, and glorious Throne,
 Where sits a King by Lawrell Garlands knowne,
 Like bright *Apollo* in the *Muses* quires,
 His radiant eyes are watchfull heavenly fires,
 Beneath his feete pale *Enuie* bites her chaine,
 And snaky *Discord* whets her sting in vaine.
 Thou seest (said Henry) wise and potent Iames,
 This, this is he, whose happy *Vnion* tames
 The sauage Feudes, and shall those lets deface,
 Which keepe the Bordrers from a deare imbrace ;
 Both Nations shall in Britaines Royall Crowne,
 Their diffring names, the signes of faction drowne ;*

The silver streames which from this Spring increase,
 Bedew all Christian hearts with drops of peace;
 Obserue how hopeful Charles is borne t'assuage
 The winds, that would disturbe this golden age.
 When that great King shall full of glory leane
 The earth as base, then may this Prince receine
 The Diadem, without his Fathers wrong,
 May take it late, and may possesse it long;
 Aboue all Europes Princes shine thou bright,
 O Gods selected care, and mans delight.
 Here gentle sleepe forsooke his clouded browes,
 And full of holy thoughts, and pious vowes,
 He kist the ground asloone as he arose,
 When watchfull Digby, who among his foes
 Had wanderd vnsuspected all the night,
 Reports that Richard is prepar'd to fight.

Long since the King had thought it time to send
 For trusty *Norfolke*, his vndaunted friend,
 Who hasting from the place of his abode,
 Found at the doore, a world of papers strow'd;
 Some would affright him from the Tyrants aide,
 Affirming that his Master was betray'd;
 Some laid before him all those bloody deeds,
 From which a line of sharpe reuenge proceeds
 With much compassion, that so braue a Knight
 Should serue a Lord, against whom Angels fight,
 And others put suspicions in his minde,
 That *Richard* most obseru'd, was most vnkind.

Bosworth-field.

7

The Duke awhile these cautious words reuolues
With serious thoughts, and thus at last resolues;
If all the Campe proue traytors to my Lord,
Shall spotlesse Norfolke falsifie his word;
Mine oath is past, I swore t'uphold his Crowne,
And that shall swim, or I with it will drowne.
It is too late now to dispute theright;
Dare any tongue, since Yorke spred forth his light,
Northumberland, or Buckingham defame,
Two valiant Cliffords, Roos, or Beaumonts name,
Because they in the weaker quarrell die?
They had the King with them, and so haue I.
But eu'ry eye the face of Richard shunnes,
For that foule murder of his brothers sonnes:
Yet lawes of Knighthood gaue me not a sword
To strike at him, whom all with ioynt accord
Haue made my Prince, to whom I tribute bring:
I hate his vices, but adore the King.
Victorious Edward, if thy soule can beare
Thy seruant Howard, I denoutly sweare,
That to haue sau'd thy children from that day,
My hopes on earth should willingly decay;
Would Glouster then, my perfect faith had tryed,
And made two graues, when noble Hastings died.
This said, his troopes he into order drawes,
Then doubled haste redeemes his former pause:
So stops the Sayler for a voyage bound,
When on the Sea he heares the tempests sound,

Till pressing hunger to remembrance sends,
 That on his courle his households life depends :
 With this he cleares the doubts that vext his minde,
 And puts his ship to mercy of the winde.

The *Dukes* stout prelence and couragious lookes,
 Were to the King as falls of sliding brookes,
 Which bring a gentle and delightfull rest
 To weary eyes, with grieuous care opprest :
 He bids that *Norfolke* and his hopefull sonne,
 (Whose rising fame in Armes this day begun)
 Should leade the vantguard: for so great command,
 He dares not trust, in any other hand ;
 The rest he to his owne aduice referres,
 And as the spirit, in that body stirres,
 Then putting on his Crowne, a fatall signe,
 (So offer'd beasts neere death in Garlands shine,)
 He rides about the rankes, and striues t' inspire
 Each brest with part of his vnwearied fire,
 To those who had his brothers seruants been,
 And had the wonders of his valour seene,
 He saith : *My fellow Souldiers, though your swords*
Are sharpe, and need not whetting by my words ;
Yet call to minde those many glorious dayes,
In which we treasur'd up immortall praye,
If when I seru'd, I euer fled from foe,
Fly ye from mine, let me be punisht so :
But if my Father, when at first he try'd,
How all his sonnes, could shining blades abide,

Found me an Eagle, whose undazzled eyes
 Affront the beames, which from the Steele arise,
 And if I now in action, teach the same,
 Know then, ye haue but chang'd your Gen'ralls name,
 Be still your selues, ye fight against the drosse
 Of those, that oft haue runne from you with losse:
 How many Somersets, dissentions brands
 Haue felt the force of our reuengefull hands?
 From whome this youth, as from a princely fount,
 Deriues his best, yet not untainted fount;
 Haue our assaults made Lancaster to droupe?
 And shall this Welshman with his ragged troupe,
 Subdue the Norman, and the Saxon line,
 That onely Merlin may be thought diuine?
 See what a guide, these fugitiues haue chose?
 Who bred among the French our ancient foes,
 Forgets the English language, and the ground,
 And knowes not what our drums, & trumpets sound.
 To others minds, their willing othes he drawes,
 He tells his iust decrees, and healthfull lawes,
 And makes large proffers of his future grace.
 Thus hauing ended, with as chearefull face,
 As Nature, which his stepdame still was thought,
 Could lend to one, without proportion wrought,
 Some with loud shouting, make the valleyes ring,
 But most with murmur sigh: *God saue the King.*

Now carefull Henry sends his seruant Bray
 To Stanly, who accounts it safe to stay,

And

And dares not promise, lest his haste should bring
His sonne to death, now pris'ner with the King.

About the same time, *Brakenbury* came,
And thus, to *Stanley* saith, in *Richards* name,
My Lord, the King salutes you, and commands
That to his ayde, you bring your ready bands,
Or else he swears by him that sits on high,
Before the armies ioyne, your sonne shall die.

At this the Lord stood, like a man that heares
The Iudges voyce, which condemnation beares
Till gath'ring vp his spirits, he replies :

My fellow Hastings death hath made me wise,
More then my dreame could him, for I no more
Will trust the tusbes of the angry Bore ;

If with my Georges bloud, he staine his throne,
I thanke my God, I haue more sonnes then one :

Yet to secure his life, I quict stand
Against the King, not listing vp my hand.

The Messenger departs, of hope deny'd.

Then noble *Stanley*, taking *Bray* aside,
Saith : *Let my sonne proceede, without despaire*
Assisted by his mothers almes, and prayre,
God will direct both him, and me to take,
Best courses, for that blessed womans sake.

The Earle by this delay, was not inclin'd,
To feare nor anger, knowing *Stanleyes* mind,
But calling all his chiefe Commanders neare,
He boldly speakes, while they attentiu heare.

It is in vaine, brave friends, to shew the right
Which we are forc'd to seeke by ciuill fight.
Your swords are brandisht in a noble cause,
To free your Country from a Tyrants iawes.
What angry Planet? What disastrous Signe
Directs Plantagenets afflicted Line?
Ah, was it not enough, that mutuall rage
In deadly battels should this race ingage,
Till by their blowes themselves they sewer make,
And pillers fall, which France could neuer shake?
But must this crooked Monster now be found,
To lay rough hands on that unclosed wound?
His secret ploss haue much increast the flood,
He with his brothers, and his nephewes blood,
Hath stain'd the brightnesse of his Fathers flowres,
And made his owne white Rose as red as ours.
This is the day, whose splendour puts to flight
Obscuring clouds, and brings an age of light.
We see no hindrance of those wished times,
But this Vsurper, whose depressing crimes
Will driue him from the mountaine where he stands,
So that he needs must fall without our hands.
In this we happy are, that by our armes,
Both Yorke and Lancafter reuenge their harmes.
Here Henries seruants ioyne with Edwards friends,
And leaue their priuat griefes for publike ends.
Thus ceasing, he implores th' Almightyes grace,
And bids, that euery Captaine take his place.

His

His speech was answer'd, with a gen'rall noyse
 Of acclamations, doubtlesse signes of ioyes
 Which souldiers vttered, as they forward went,
 The sure forerunners of a faire euent ;
 So when the Winter, to the Spring bequeathes
 The rule of time, and milde *Fauonius* breathes,
 A quire of Swans, to that sweete Musicke sings,
 The Ayre reſounds, the motion of their wings,
 When ouer plaines, they flie in orderd ranks,
 To sport themselves, vpon *Caisters* banks,

Bold *Oxford* leades the vanguard vp amaine,
 Whose valiant offers, heretofore were vaine,
 When he his loue to *Lancaster* exprest,
 But now, with more indulgent Fortune blest,
 His men he toward *Norfolkes* quarter drew,
 And straight the one, the others Ensignes knew,
 For they in seu'rall armies, were display'd,
 This oft in *Edwards*, that in *Henries* ayde :
 The sad remembrance of those bloudy fights,
 Incenst new anger, in these noble Knights,
 A marish lay betweene, which *Oxford* leaues
 Vpon his right hand, and the Sunne receiues
 Behind him, with aduantage of the place,
 For *Norfolke* must endure it on his face,
 And yet his men, aduance their speares, and swords,
 Against this succour, which the heau'n affords,
 His horse, and foote posselt the field in length,
 While bowmen went before them, for their strength :

Thus

Thus marching forth, they set on *Oxfords* band,
 He feares their number, and with strict command,
 His souldiers closely, to the standard drawes :
 Then *Howards* troupes amaz'd, begin to pause,
 They doubt the slights of battell, and prepare,
 To guard their valour, with a trench of care.
 This sudden stop, made warlike *Vere* more bold,
 To see their fury, in a moment cold,
 His rankes he in a larger forme displays,
 Which all were Archers, counted in those dayes,
 The best of English souldiers, for their skill,
 Could guide their shafts, according to their will,
 The featherd wood, they from their bowes let flie,
 No arrow fell, but causd some man to die :
 So painefull Bees, with forward gladnesse striue,
 To ioyne themselues, in throngs before the hiue,
 And with obedience, till that houre attend,
 When their commander, shall his watchword send:
 Then to the winds, their tender sailes they yield,
 Depresse the flowres, depopulate the field :
 Wise *Norfolke* to auoyde these shafts the more,
 Contriuies his battaile thin, and sharpe before,
 He thus attempts to pierce into the hart,
 And breake the orders of the aduersc part,
 As when the Cranes direct their flight, on high,
 To cut their way, they in a Trigon flie,
 Which pointed figure, may with ease diuide
 Opposing blasts, through which they swiftly glide.

But

But now the wings make haste to *Oxfords* ayde,
 The left by valiant *Sauage* was display'd,
 His lusty souldiers were attir'd in white,
 They moue like drifts of snow, whose sudden fright
 Constraines the weary passenger to stay,
 And beating on his face, confounds his way.
 Braue *Talbot* led the right, whose Grandfires name
 Was his continuall spurre, to purchase fame:
 Both these rusht in, while *Norfolke* like a wall,
 Which oft with engines crackt, disdaines to fall,
 Maintaines his station by defensue fight,
 Till *Surrey* pressing forth, with youthfull might,
 Sends many shadowes to the gates of death.
 When dying mouths had gaspt forth purple breath,
 His father followes: Age and former paines
 Had made him slower, yet he still retaines
 His ancient vigour; and with much delight
 To see his sonne do maruailes in his sight,
 He seconds him, and from the branches cleaues
 Those clusters, which the former Vintage leaues.
 Now *Oxford* flyes (as lightning) through his troupes,
 And with his presence cheares the part that droupes:
 His braue endeouours, *Surreyes* force restraine
 Like banks, at which the Ocean stormes in vaine.
 The swords and armour shine as sparkling coales,
 Their clashing drownes the grones of parting soules;
 The peacefull neighbours, who had long desir'd
 To find the causes of their feare expir'd,

Are

de, we newly grieu'd, to see this scarlet flood,
 And *English* ground bedew'd with *English* blood.
 About *Rice* and *Herbert* leade the power of *Wales*,
 Their zeale to *Henry*, moues the hills and dales
 To sound their Country-mans beloued name,
 Who shall restore the *British* off-springs fame;
 These make such slaughter with their glaues & hooks,
 That carefull *Bardes* may fill their precious bookes
 With prayſes, which from warlike actions spring,
 And take new themes, when to their Harpes they sing.
 Besides these souldiers borne within this Ile,
 We must not of their part, the *French* beguile,
 Whom *Charles* for *Henries* succour did prouide,
 A Lord of *Scotland*, *Bernard*, was their guide,
 A blossome of the *Stuarts* happy line,
 Which is on *Brittaines* Throne ordain'd to shine:
 The Sun, whose rayes, the heau'n with beauty crowne,
 From his ascending, to his going downe,
 Saw not a brauer Leader, in that age;
 And *Bosworth* field must be the glorious stage,
 In which this *Northerne Eagle* learns to flie,
 And tries those wings, which after rayse him high,
 When he beyond the snowy *Alpes* renown'd,
 Shall plant *French Lillies* in *Italian* ground;
 And cause the craggy *Apennine* to know,
 What fruits on *Caledonian* mountaines grow.
 Now in this ciuill warre, the troupes of *France*,
 Their banners dare on *English* ayre aduance,

And

And on their launces points, destruction bring,
 To fainting seruants of the guilty *King*,
 When heretofore, they had no powre to stand,
 Against our armiees in their natiue land,
 But melting fled, as waxe before the flame,
 Dismayd with thunder of *Saint Georges* name.

Now *Henry*, with his vnkle *Pembroke* moues,
 The rereward on, and *Stanley* then approues
 His loue to *Richmonds* person, and his cause,
 He from his army of three thousand, drawes
 A few choyse men, and bids the rest obay
 His valiant brother, who shall proue this day,
 As famous as great *Warwick*, in whose hand,
 The fate of *Englands* Crowne, was thought to stand.
 With these he closely steales, to helpe his friend,
 While his maine forces stirre not, but attend
 The younger *Stanley*, and to *Richards* eye
 Appeare not parties, but as standers by.
 Yet *Stanleyes* words, so much the *King* incense,
 That he exclaims : *This is a false pretense :*
His doubtfull answere, shall not saue his sonne,
Yong Strange shall die : see, Catesby, this be done.
 Now like a Lambe, which taken from the folds,
 The slaughter-man, with rude embraces holds,
 And for his throte, prepares a whetted knife,
 So goes this harmelesse Lord, to end his life,
 The axe is sharpen'd, and the blocke prepar'd,
 But worthy *Ferrers*, equall portion shar'd,

Of griefe and terrour which the pris'ner felt,
 His tender eyes in teares of pittie melt,
 And hasting to the King, he boldly said;
My Lord, too many bloody staines are laid
By enuious tongues vpon your peacefull raigne;
O may their malice euer speake in vaine:
Afford not this aduantage to their spite,
None should be kill'd to day, but in the fight:
Your Crowne is strongly fixt, your cause is good;
Cast not vpon it drops of harmelesse blood;
His life is nothing, yet will dearely cost,
If while you seeke it, we perhaps haue lost
Occasions of your conquest, thither flie,
Where Rebels arm'd, with cursed blades shall die,
And yeeld in death to your victorious awe:
Let naked hands be censur'd by the Law.
 Such pow'r his speech and seemely action hath,
 It mollifies the Tyrants bloody wrath,
 And he commands, that *Stranges* death be stay'd.
 The noble Youth (who was before dismay'd
 At deaths approaching fight) now sweetly cleares
 His cloudy sorrowes, and forgets his feares.
 As when a Steare to burning Altars led,
 Expecting farall blowes to cleaue his head,
 Is by the Priest for some religious cause
 Sent backe to liue, and now in quiet drawes
 The open ayre, and takes his wonted food,
 And neuer thinkes how neere to death he stood:

The King, though ready, yet his march delayd,
 To haue Northumberland expected ayde.
 To him, industrious Ratcliffe swiftly hies;
 But Percy greetes him thus: *My troubled eyes*
This night beheld my fathers angry ghost,
Advising not to ioyne with Richards host:
Wilt thou (said he) so much obscure my shield,
To beare mine azure Lion in the field
With such a Gen'rall? Aske him, on which side
His sword was drawne, when I at Towton died.
 When Richard knew that both his hopes were vaine
 He forward sets with cursing and disdain,
 And cries: *Who would not all these Lords detest?*
When Percy changeth, like the Moone his crest.
 This speech the heart of noble Ferrers rent:
 He answers: *Sir, though many dare repent,*
That which they cannot now without your wrong,
And onely griene they haue been true too long,
My brest shall neuer beare so foule a staine,
If any ancient blood in me remaine,
Which from the Norman Conqu'rours tooke descent,
It shall be wholly in your seruice spent;
I will obtaine to day a liue or dead,
The Crownes that grace a faithfull souldiers head.
 Blest be thy tongue (replies the King,) in thee
 The strength of all thine Ancestors I see,
 Extending warlike armes for Englands good,
 By thee their heire, in valour as in blood.

But here we leaue the *King*, and must reuiew
 Those sonnes of *Mars*, who cruell blades imbrue
 In Riuers sprung from hearts that bloodlesse lie,
 And fraine their shining armes in sanguine die.
 Here valiant *Oxford* and fierce *Norfolke* meete,
 And with their speares each other rudely greeete;
 About the ayre the shiuerd pieces play,
 Then on their swords their noble hands they lay,
 And *Norfolke* first a blow directly guides
 To *Oxfords* head, which from his helmet slides
 Upon his arme, and biting through the Steele,
 Inflicts a wound, which *Vere* disdaines to feele,
 He lifts his fauchion with a threatning grace,
 And hewes the beuer off from *Howards* face.
 This being done, he with compassion charm'd,
 Retires, asham'd to strike a man disarm'd:
 But straight a deadly shaft sent from a bow,
 Whose Master, though farre off, the Duke could
 Timely brought this combat to an end, (know)
 And pierc'd the braine of *Richards* constant friend.
 When *Oxford* saw him sinke, his noble soule
 Was full of griefe, which made him thus condole:
 Farewell, true Knight, to whom no costly grane
 Can giue due honour: would my teares might saue
 Those streames of blood, deserving to be spilt
 In better seruice: had not *Richards* guilt
 Such heauy weight vpon his fortune laid,
 Thy glorious vertues had his sinnes outwaigh'd.

Courageous *Talbot* had with *Surrey* met,
 And after many blowes begins to fret,
 That one so young in Armes should thus vnrou'd,
 Resist his strength, so oft in warre approu'd.
 And now the Earle beholds his father fall;
 Whose death like horri'd darkenesse frighted all:
 Some giue themselves as captiues, others flie,
 But this young Lion casts his gen'rous eye
 On *Mowbrayes* Lion, painted in his shield,
 And with that King of beasts, repines to yeeld:
The field (saith he) in which the Lion stands,
Is blood, and blood I offer to the hands
Of daring foes; but neuer shall my flight
Die blacke my Lion, which as yet is white.
 His enemies (like cunning Huntsmen) strue
 In binding snares, to take their prey aliue,
 While he desires t' expose his naked brest,
 And thinks the sword that deepest strikes, is best.
 Young *Howard* single with an army fights,
 When mou'd with pitie, two renowned Knights,
 Strong *Clarindon*, and valiant *Coniers* trie
 To rescue him, in which attempt they die;
 For *Sauage* red with blood of slaughter'd foes,
 Doth them in midst of all his troopes inclose,
 Where though the Captaine for their safetie strues,
 Yet baser hands deprive them of their liues.
 Now *Surrey* fainting, scarce his sword can hold,
 Which made a common souldier grow so bold,

To lay rude hands vpon that noble flower ;
 Which he disdaining (anger giues him power)
 Presents his weapon with a nimble round,
 And sends the Peasants arme to kisse the ground.
 This done, to Talbot he presents his blade,
 And saith, *It is not hope of life hath made*
this my submission, but my strength is spent,
and some perhaps, of villaine blood will vent
My weary soule : this fauour I demand,
that I may die by your victorious hand.
 Nay, God forbid that any of my name,
 Quoth Talbot) should put out so bright a flame,
 As burnes in thee (braue Youth) where thou hast err'd,
 It was thy fathers fault, since he preferr'd
 Tyrants crowne before the iuster side.
 The Earle still mindfull of his birth, replied,
 Wonder (Talbot) that thy noble hart
 Consults on ruines of the vanquisht part :
 We had the right, if now to you it flow,
 The fortune of your swords hath made it so :
 neuer will my lucklesse choyce repent,
 Nor can it stain mine honour or descent,
 Let Englands Royall Wreath vpon a stake,
 There will I fight, and not the place forsake :
 And if the will of God hath so dispos'd,
 That Richmonds brow be with the Crowne inclos'd,
 I shall to him, or his giue doubtleffe signes,
 That duty in my thoughts, not faction, shines.

The earnest souldiers still the chase pursue:
 But their Commanders grieve they should imbrue
 Their swords in blood which springs frō *English* vein
 The peacefull sound of trumpets them restraines
 From further slaughter, with a milde retreat
 To rest contented in this first defeate.

The *King* intended at his setting out,
 To helpe his Vantguard, but a nimble scout
 Runnes crying; *Sir, I saw not farre from hence,*
Where Richmond honers with a small defence,
And like one guilty of some heynous ill,
Is couer'd with the shade of yonder hill.

The Rauen almost famisht, ioyes not more,
 VVhen restless billowes tumble to the shore
 A heape of bodies shipwrackt in the seas,
 Then *Richard* with these newes himselfe doth ple
 He now diuerts his course another way,
 And with his Army led in faire array,
 Ascends the rising ground, and taking view
 Of *Henries* souldiers, sees they are but few:
 Imperiall courage fires his noble brest,
 He sets a threatning speare within his rest,
 Thus saying: *All true Knights, on me attend,*
I soone will bring this quarrell to an end:
If none will follow, if all faith be gone,
Behold, I goe to try my cause alone.
 He strikes his spurres into his horses side,
 VVith him stout *Lowell* and bold *Ferrers* ride;

To them braue *Ratcliffe*, gen'rous *Clifton* haste,
 Old *Brakenbury* scornes to be the last :
 As borne with wings, all worthy spirits flye,
 Resolu'd for safety of their Prince to dye ;
 And *Catesby* to this number addes his name,
 Though pale with feare, yet ouercome with shame.
 Their boldnesse *Richmond* dreads not, but admires ;
 He sees their motion like to rolling fires,
 VVhich by the winde along the fields are borne
 Amidit the trees, the hedges, and the corne,
 VVhere they the hopes of husbandmen consume,
 And fill the troubled Ayre with dusky fume.
 Now as a carefull Lord of neighb'ring grounds,
 He keepes the flame from entring in his bounds,
 Each man is warn'd to hold his station sure,
 Prepar'd with courage strong assaults t'endure :
 But all in vaine, no force, no warlike Art,
 From sudden breaking can preserue that part,
 VVhere *Richard* like a dart from thunder falles :
 His foes giue way, and stand as brazen walles
 On either side of his inforced path,
 VVhile he neglects them, and reserues his wrath
 For him whose death these threatning clouds would
 Whō now with gladnes he beholdeth neere, (cleare,
 And all those faculties together brings,
 VVhich moue the soule to high and noble things.
 Eu'n so a Tyger hauing follow'd long
 The Hunters steps that robb'd her of her young :

VWhen first she sees him, is by rage inclin'd
Her steps to double, and her teeth to grind.

Now horse to horse, and man is ioyn'd to man
So strictly, that the souldiers hardly can
Their aduersaries from their fellows know :
Here each braue Champion singles out his foe.

In this confusion *Brakenbury* meetes

VWith *Hungerford*, and him thus foulely greeates :

*Ah traytor, false in breach of faith and loue,
What discontent could thee and Bouchier moue,*

Who had so long my fellowes been in Armes,

To flie to Rebels? What seducing charmes

Could on your clouded minds such darknesse bring,

To serue an Out-law, and neglect the King?

VWith these sharpe speeches *Hungerford* enrag'd,

T'vphold his honour, thus the battaile wag'd :

Thy doting age (saith he) delights in words,

But this aspersiō must be try'd by swords.

Then leauing talke, he by his weapon speakes,

And driues a blow, which *Brakenbury* breakes,

By lifting vp his left hand, else the steele

Had pierc'd his burgonet, and made him feele

The pangs of death: but now the fury fell

Vpon the hand that did the stroke repell,

And cuts so large a portion of the shield,

That it no more can safe protection yeeld.

Bold *Hungerford* disdaines his vse to make

Of this aduantage, but doth straight forsake

His massy Target, render'd to his Squire,
 And saith : *Let cowards such defence desire.*
 This done, these valiant Knights dispose their blades,
 And still the one the others face inuades,
 Till *Brakenburies* helmet giuing way
 To those fierce strokes that *Hungerford* doth lay,
 Is brus'd and gapes, which *Bourchier* fighting neare,
 Perceiues and cries : *Braue Hungerford, forbear,*
Bring not those silver haire to timelesse end,
He was, and may be once againe our friend.
 But oh too late ! the fatall blow was sent
 From *Hungerford*, which he may now repent,
 But not recall, and digges a mortall wound
 In *Brakenburies* head, which should be crown'd
 With precious Metals, and with Bayes adorn'd
 For constant truth appearing, when he scorn'd
 To staine his hand in those young Princes blood,
 And like a rocke amidst the Ocean stood
 Against the Tyrants charmes, and threats vnrou'd,
 Though death declares how much he *Richard* lou'd.
 Stout *Ferrers* aimes to fixe his mighty Launce
 In *Pembrokes* heart, which on the Steele doth glaunce,
 And runnes in vaine the empty ayre to presse :
 But *Pembrokes* speare, obtaining wisht successe,
 Through *Ferrers* brest-plate, and his body sinkes,
 And vitall blood from inward vessels drinkes.
 Here *Stanley*, and braue *Louel* trie their strength,
 Whose equall courage drawes the strife to length,
 They

They thinke not how they may themselues defend
 To strike is all their care, to kill, their end.
 So meete two Bulls vpon adioyning hills
 Of rocky *Charnwood*, while their murmur fills
 The hollow crags, when striuing for their bounds
 They wash their piercing hornes in mutuall wound

If in the midst of such a bloody fight,
 The name of friendship be not thought too light,
 Recount my Muse, how *Byrons* faithfull loue
 To dying *Clifton* did it selfe approue :
 For *Clifton* fighting brauely in the troope,
 Receiues a wound, and now begins to droope :
 Which *Byron* seeing, though in armes his foe,
 In heart his friend, and hoping that the blow
 Had not been mortall, guards him, with his shield
 From second hurts, and cries, *Deare Clifton, yeeld*
Thou hither cam'st, led by sinister fate,
Against my first aduice, yet now, though late,
Take this my counsell. Clifton thus replied :
It is too late, for I must now provide
To seeke another life : line thou, sweet friend,
And when thy side obtaines a happy end,
Vpon the fortunes of my children looke,
Remember what a solemne oath we tooke,
That he whose part should proue the best in fight,
Would with the Conqu'rour trie his vtmost might,
To saue the others lands from rau'nous pawes,
Which seaze on fragments of a lucklesse cause.

*My fathers fall our house had almost drown'd,
But I by chance aboard in shipwracke found.*

*May neuer more such danger threaten mine :
Deale thou for them, as I would doe for thine.*

*This said, his senses faile, and pow'rs decay,
While Byron calles ; Stay, worthy Clifton, stay,*

*And heare my faithfull promise once againe,
Which if I breake, may all my deeds be vaine.*

*But now he knowes, that vitall breath is fled,
And needlesse words are vtter'd to the dead ;*

*Into the midst of Richards strength he flies,
Presenting glorious acts to Henries eyes,*

*And for his seruice he expects no more,
Then Cliftons sonne from forfeits to restore.*

*While Richard bearing downe with eager mind,
The steps by which his passage was confin'd,*

*Laies hands on Henries Standard as his prey,
Strong Brandon bore it, whom this fatall day*

*Markes with a blacke note, as the onely Knight,
That on the conqu'ring part forsakes the light.*

*But Time, whose wheelles with various motion runne,
Repayes this seruice fully to his sonne,*

*Who marries Richmonds daughter, borne betweene
Two Royall Parents, and endowed a Queene.*

*When now the King perceiues that Brandon strives
To saue his charge, he sends a blow that riuies*

*His skull in twaine, and by a gaping hole,
Giues ample scope to his departing soule,*

And

And thus insults ; *Accursed wretch, farewell,*
Thine Ensignes now may be display'd in hell :
There thou shalt know, it is an odious thing,
To let thy banner flie against thy King.

VVith scorne he throwes the Standard to the ground
 VVhen *Cheney* for his height and strength renown'd,
 Steps forth to couer *Richmond*, now expos'd
 To *Richards* sword : the *King* with *Cheney* clos'd,
 And to the earth this mighty Giant fell'd.
 Then like a Stag, whom fences long with-held
 From meddowes, where the Spring in glory raignes,
 Now hauing leuell'd those vnpleasing chaines,
 And treading proudly on the vanquisht flowres,
 He in his hopes a thousand ioyes deuoures :
 For now no pow'r to crosse his end remaines,
 But onely *Henry*, whom he neuer daines
 To name his foe, and thinkes he shall not braue
 A valiant Champion, but a yeelding slaue.
 Alas? how much deceiu'd, when he shall find
 An able body and couragious minde :
 For *Richmond* boldly doth himselfe oppose
 Against the *King*, and giues him blowes for blowes,
 VVho now confesseth with an angry frowne,
 His Riual, not vnworthy of the Crowne.

The younger *Stanley* then no longer staid,
 The Earle in danger needs his present aide,
 VVhich he performes as sudden as the light,
 His comming turnes the ballance of the fight.

So threatning clouds, whose fall the ploughmen feare,
 Which long vpon the mountaines top appeare,
 Dissolue at last, and vapours then distill
 To watry showres that all the valleys fill.
 The first that saw this dreadfull storme arise,
 Was *Catesby*, who to *Richard* loudly cries,
No way but swift retreate your life to save,
It is no shame with wings t' auoide the graue.
 This said, he trembling turnes himselfe to flie,
 And dares not stay, to heare the *Kings* replie,
 Who scorning his aduice, as foule and base,
 Returnes this answer with a wrathfull face,
Let cowards trust their horses nimble feete,
And in their course with new destruction meete,
Gain thou some houres to draw thy fearefull breath:
To me ignoble flight is worse then death.
 But at th'approach of *Stanleyes* fresh supply,
 The *Kings* side droopes: so gen'rous *Horses* lie
 Vnapt to stirre, or make their courage knowne,
 Which vnder cruell Masters sinke and grone.
 There at his *Princes* foote stout *Ratcliffe* dies,
 Not fearing, but despairing, *Lonell* flies,
 For he shall after end his weary life
 In not so faire, but yet as bold a strife.
 The *King* maintaines the fight, though left alone:
 For *Henries* life he faine would change his owne,
 And as a *Lionesse*, which compast round
 With troopes of men, receiues a sinarting wound

By

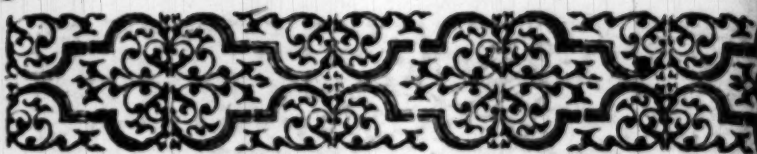
By some bold hand, though hinder'd and oppress'd
With other speares, yet slighting all the rest,
Will follow him alone that wrong'd her first :
So *Richard* pressing with reuengefull thirst,
Admits no shape, but *Richmonds* to his eye,
And would in triumph on his carcase die :
But that great God, to whom all creatures yeeld,
Protects his seruant with a heau'nly shield,
His pow'r, in which the *Earle* securely trusts,
Rebates the blowes, and falsifies the thrusts.
The *King* growes weary, and begins to faint,
It grieues him that his foes perceiue the taint :
Some strike him, that till then durst not come neare,
With weight and number they to ground him beare
Where trampled down, and hew'd with many sword
He softly vtter'd these his dying words,
Now strength no longer Fortune can withstand,
I perish in the Center of my Land.
His hand he then with wreathes of grasse infolds,
And bites the earth, which he so strictly holds,
As if he would haue borne it with him hence,
So loth he was to lose his rights pretence.

FINIS

An expression of Sibylls Acrostichs.

In signe that Iudgement comes, the Earth shall sweat:
 expected times, behold the Prince, whose might
 shall censure all within his Kingdome great:
 true and faithfull shall approach his sight,
 shall feare this God, by his high glory knowne,
 combin'd with flesh, and compast with his Saints,
 in words diuiding soules before his Throne,
 redeem the world from Thornes and barren taints.
 In vaine then mortals leaue their wealth, and sinne
 strong force the stubborne gates of Hell shall tame:
 the Saints, though dead, shall light and freedome winne:
 O thrive not wicked men, with wrathfull flame
 O priest, whose beames can search their words and deeds,
 O darke some brest can couer base desires,
 O sorrow, gnashing teeth and wailing breeds;
 O tempt from Sunny rayes, or Starry quires,
 heau'n thou art roll'd vp, the Moone shall die,
 from vales he takes their depth, from hilles their height,
 O that men no more are insolent and high:
 In Seas no nimble ships shall carry weight:
 O are thunder arm'd with heat the earth confounds,
 O sweet Springs and bubbling Streames their course restraine,
 heau'nly trumpet sending dolefull sounds,
 O praydes the worlds misdeeds, and threatens paine,
 In gaping earth infernall depths are seene;
 O our proudest kings are summon'd by his call
 into his seate, from heau'n with anger keene
 O euengefull floods of fire and brimstone fall.

VIRGIL.



VIRGIL. ECLOG. 4.

Cicilian Muses, sing we greater things,
 All are not pleas'd with Shrubs, & lowly Spr
 More fitly to the Consull, Woods belong,
 Now is fulfild Cumæan Sibyls Song,
 Long chaines of better times begin againe,
 The Maide returnes, and brings backe *Saturnes* raig
 New progenies from lofty Heau'n descend,
 Thou chalte *Lucina*, be this Infants friend,
 Whose birth the dayes of Ir'n shall quite deface,
 And through the world the golden age shall place:
 Thy brother *Phæbus* weares his potent Crowne,
 And thou (*O Pollio*) know thy high renowne,
 Thy Consulship this glorious change shall breed,
 Great moneths shall then endeavour to proceed:
 Thy rule the steps of threatning sinne shall cleare,
 And free the earth from that perpetuall feare:
 He with the Gods shall liue, and shall behold,
 With heauenly spirits noble soules enroll'd,
 And scene by them shall guide this worldly frame,
 Which to his hand his fathers strength doth tame.
 To thee (sweet Child) the earth brings natiue downe
 The wandring Iuy, with faire *Bacchans* flowres,

And Colocasia sprung from Egypts ground,
 With smiling leaues of greene *Acanthus* crown'd,
 The Gotes their swelling vdders home shall beare,
 The Droues no more shall mighty Lions feare:
 For thee thy cradle pleasing flowres shall bring,
 Imperious Death shall blunt the Serpents sting,
 No herbes shall with deceitfull poyson flow,
 And sweet Amomum eu'ry where shall grow.
 But when thou able art to reade the facts
 Of Worthies, and thy Fathers famous acts,
 To know what glories, vertues name adorne,
 The fields to ripenesse bring the tender corne;
 Ripe Grapes depend on carelesse Brambles tops;
 Hard Oakes sweat hony, form'd in dewy drops,
 Yet some few steps of former fraudes remaine,
 Which men to trie, the Sea with ships constraîne:
 With strengthning walles their Cities to defend,
 And on the ground long furrowes to extend,
 A second *Tiphys*, and new *Argo* then,
 Shall leade to braue exploits the best of men,
 The warre of Troy that Towne againe shall burne;
 And great *Achilles* thither shall returne.
 But when firme age a perfect man thee makes,
 The willing Sayler straight the Seas forsakes,
 The Pine no more the vie of trade retaines,
 Each Countrie breeds all fruits, the earth disdaines
 The Harrowes weight, and Vines the sickles strokes;
 Strong Ploughmen let their Bulls go free from yokes,

Wooll feares not to dissemble colours strange,
But Rammes th eir fleeces then in pastures change
To pleasing Purple, or to Saffron die,
And Lambes turne ruddy, as they feeding lie.
The Fates, whose wills in stedfast end agree,
Command their wheelles to run such daies to see,
Attempt great honours, now the time attends,
Deare Childe of Gods, whose line from *Ioue* descends
See how the world with weight declining lies ;
The Earth, the spacious Seas, and arched Skies :
Behold againe, how these their grieve affwage
With expectation of the future age :
O that my life and breath so long would last
To tell thy deeds ! I should not be surpast
By Thracian *Orpheus*, nor if *Linus* sing,
Though they from *Phæbus* and the Muses spring :
Should *Pan* (Arcadia iudging) strive with me,
Pan by Arcadia's doome would conquer'd be.
Begin thou, little Childe ; by laughter owne
Thy Mother, who ten mon'ths hath fully knowne
Of tedious houres : begin, thou little Childe,
On whom as yet thy Parents neuer smil'd,
The God with meate hath not thy hunger fed,
Nor Goddesse laid thee in a little bed.

*An Epigram concerning Mans life composed by
Crates, or Posidippus.*

(take?
WHat course of life should wretched mortals
 In Courts, hard questions, large contention
 Care dwels in houses, Labour in the field, (make,
 Tumultuous Seas affrighting dangers yeeld.
 In forraine Land, thou neuer canst be blest;
 If rich, thou art in feare; if poore, distrest.
 In wedlock, frequent discontentments swell:
 Vnmarried persons, as in Desarts dwell.
 How many troubles are with children borne?
 Yet he that wants them, counts himselfe forlorne.
 Young men are wanton, and of wisdom void:
 Gray haire are cold, vnfit to be imploid.
 Who would not one of these two offers choose:
 Not to be borne, or breath with speede to loose?



The answer of Metrodorus.

IN eu'ry way of life, true pleasure flowes,
 Immortall Fame, from publike action growes:
 Within the doores is found appeasing rest;
 In fields, the gifts of Nature are exprest.
 The Sea brings gaine, the rich abroad prouide,
 To blaze their names, the poore their wants to hide
 All households best are govern'd by a wife;
 His cares are light, who leades a single life.
 Sweet children, are delights, which marriage blesse
 He that hath none, disturbs his thoughts the lesse.
 Strong youth, can triumph in victorious deeds:
 Old age the soule, with pious motion feeds.
 All states are good, and they are falsly led,
 Who wish to be vnborne, or quickly dead.

HOR

HORAT. LIB. 2. SAT. 6.

THis was my wish : no ample space of ground,
 T'include my Garden with a mod rate bound,
 And neere my house a Fountaine neuer dry,
 A little VVood, which might my wants supply,
 The gods haue made me blest with larger store :
 It is sufficient, I desire no more,
 O sonne of *Maia*, but this grant alone,
 That quiet vse may make these gifts mine owne.
 If I increase them by no lawlesse way,
 Nor through my fault will cause them to decay.
 If not to these fond hopes my thoughts decline,
 O that this ioyning corner could be mine,
 VVhich with disgrace deforms, and maimes my field,
 Or *Fortune* would a pot of siluer yeeld,
 (As vnto him who being hir'd to worke,
 Discouer'd treasure, which in mold did lurke,
 And bought the Land, which he before had till'd,
 Since friendly *Hercules* his bosome fill'd)
 If I with thankfull minde these blessings take,
 Disdaine not this petition which I make:
 Let fat in all things, but my wit, be seene,
 And be my safest guard as thou hast been.

When from the Citty I my selfe remoue
 Vp to the hills, as to a towre aboue,
 I find no fitter labours, nor delights
 Then *Satyres*, which my lowly *Muse* indites.
 No foule ambition can me there expose
 To danger, nor the leaden wind that blowes
 From *Southerne* parts, nor *Autumnes* grieuous raine,
 Whence bitter *Libitina* reapes her gaine.
 O father of the mornings purple light!
 Or if thou rather would'st be *Ianus* hight,
 From whose diuine beginning, mortalls draw
 The paines of life, according to the law,
 Which is appointed by the Gods decree,
 Thou shalt the entrance of my verses be.
 At *Rome* thou driu'st me, as a pledge to goe,
 That none him selfe may more officious show.
 Although the fury of the *Northerne* blast
 Shall sweepe the earth; or *Winters* force hath cast
 The snowy day, into a narrow Sphere,
 I must proceede, and hauing spoken cleare
 And certaine truth, must wrestle in the throng,
 Where by my haste, the slower suffer wrong,
 And crie, VVhat ayles the mad man? whither tend
 His speedy steps? while mine imperious friend
 Intreates, and chafes, admitting no delay,
 And I must beate all those, that stop my way.
 The glad remembrance of *Mecenas* lends
 A sweete content: but when my iourney bends,

To blacke *Esquilie*, there a hundred tides
 Of strangers causes presse my head and sides.
 You must, before the second houre, appeare
 In Court to morrow, and for *Roscus* I weare.
 The Scribes desire you would to them repaire,
 About a publike, great, and new affaire,
 Procure such fauour, from *Mecenas* hand,
 As that his seale may on this paper stand.
 I answer, I will trie : he vrgeth still,
 I know you can performe it if you will
 Seu'n yeeres are fled, the eighth is almost gone,
 Since first *Mecenas* tooke me for his owne,
 That I with him might in his chariot sit,
 And onely then would to my trust commit
 Such toyes as these : what is the time of day ?
 The Thracian is the Syrians match in play.
 Now carelesse men are nipt with morning cold :
 And words which open eares may safely hold.
 In all this space for eu'ry day and houre
 I grew more subiect to pale enuies pow'r
 This sonne of Fortune to the Stage resorts,
 And with the fau'rite in the field disports.
 Fame from the pulpits runnes through eu'ry streete,
 And I am strictly askt by all I meete :
 Good Sir (you needes must know, for you are neare
 Vnto the Gods) doe you no tidings heare
 Concerning Dacian troubles? Nothing I.
 You allwayes loue your friends with scoffes to try,

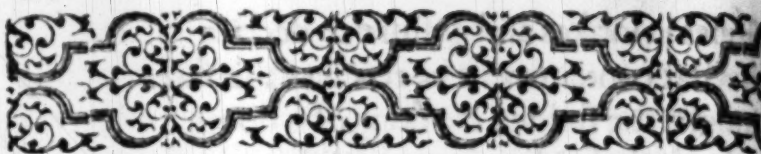
If I can tell, the Gods my life confound.
But where will *Cæsar* giue his souldiers ground,
In Italie, or the Trinacrian Ile?
I sweare I know not, they admire the while,
And thinke me full of silence, graue and deepe,
The onely man that should high secrets keepe,
For these respects (poore wretch) I lose the light,
And longing thus repine: when shall my sight
Again be happy in beholding thee
My countrey farme? or when shall I be free
To reade in bookes what ancient writers speake,
To rest in sleepe, which others may not breake,
To taste (in houres secure from courtly strife)
The soft obliuion of a carefull life?
O when shall beanes vpon my boord appeare,
Which wise *Pythagoras* esteem'd so deare?
Or when shall fatnesse of the Lard anoint
The herbes, which for my table I appoint?
O suppers of the Gods! O nights diuine!
When I before our Lar might feast with mine,
And feede my prating slaues with tasted meate,
As eu'ry one should haue desire to eate.
The frolike guest not bound with heavy lawes,
The liquor from vnequall measures drawes:
Some being strong delight in larger draughts,
Some call for lesser cups to cleere their thoughts.
Of others house and lands no speeches grow,
Nor whether *Lepos* danceth well or no.

We talke of things which to our selues pertaine,
Which not to know would be a sinfull staine.
Are men by riches or by vertue blest?
Of friendships ends is vie or right the best?
Of good what is the nature, what excells?
My neighbour *Cervinus* old wiues fables tells,
When any one *Arellius* wealth admires,
And little knowes what troubles it requires.
He thus beginnes: Long since a countrey Mousē
Receau'd into his low and homely house
A Citty Mousē, his friend and guest before;
The host was sharpe and sparing of his store,
Yet much to hospitality inclin'd:
For such occasions could dilate his mind.
He Chiches giues for winter layd aside,
Nor are the long and slender Otes deny'd:
Dry Grapes he in his lib'rall mouth doth beare,
And bits of Bacon which halfe eaten were:
With various meates to please the strangers pride,
Whose dainty teeth through all the dishes slide.
The Father of the family in straw
Lies stretcht along, disdaigning not to gnaw
Base corne or darnell, and reserves the best,
To make a perfect banquet for his guest.
To him at last the Citizen thus spake,
My friend, I muse what pleasure thou canst take,
Or how thou canst endure to spend thy time
In shady Groues, and vp steepe hills to clime.

In savage Forrests build no more thy den :
 Goe to the City, there to dwell with men.
 Begin this happy iourney, trust to me,
 I will thee guide, thou shalt my fellow be.
 Since earthly things are ty'd to mortall liues,
 And eu'ry great, and little creature striues,
 In vaine the certaine stroke of death to flie,
 Stay not till moments past thy ioyes denie.
 Liue in rich plenty, and perpetuall sport :
 Liue euer mindfull, that thine age is short.
 The rauisht field-mouse holds these words so sweet
 That from his home he leapes with nimble feet.
 They to the Citie trauaile with delight,
 And vnderneath the walles they creepe at night.
 Now darkenesse had possest heau'ns middle space,
 VVhen these two friends their weary steps did place
 VVithin a wealthy Palace, where was spread
 A scarlet cowering on an Iury bed :
 The baskets (set farre off aside) contain'd
 The meates, which after plenteous meales remain'd
 The Citie Mouse with courtly phrased intreats
 His Country friend to rest in purple seates ;
 VVith ready care the Master of the feast
 Runnes vp and downe to see the store increast :
 He all the duties of a seruant shewes,
 And tastes of eu'ry dish, that he bestowes.
 The poore plaine Mouse, exalted thus in state,
 Glad of the change, his former life doth hate,

and striues in lookes and gesture to declare
With what contentment he receiues this fare.
At straight the sudden creaking of a doore
Awakes both these Mice from beds into the floore.
They runne about the roome halfe dead with feare,
Through all the house the noise of dogs they heare.
The stranger now counts not the place so good,
He bids farewell, and saith, The silent VVood
Shall me hereafter from these dangers saue,
Well pleas'd with simple *Vetches* in my *Cane*.

HORAT.



HORAT. CARM. LIB. 3. OD. 29.

M*Ecenas*, (sprung from Tuscan Kings) for thee
Milde VVine in vessels neuer toucht, I keepe
Here Roses, and sweete odours be,
VVhose dew thy haire shall sleepe :

O stay not, let moyst Tibur be disdain'd,
And Æsulaes declining fields, and hills,
VVhere once *Telegonus* remain'd,
VVhose hand his father kills ;

For sake that height where lothsome plenty cloyes,
And towres, which to the lofty clouds aspire,
The smoke of Rome her wealth and noyse
Thou wilt not here admire.

In pleasing change, the rich man takes delight,
And frugall meales in homely seates allowes,
Where hangings want, and purple bright
He cleares his carefull browes.

Now *Cepheus* plainly shewes his hidden fire,
The *Dog-starre* now his furious heate displays,
The *Lion* spreads his raging ire,
The *Sunne* brings parching dayes.

The Shepheard now his sickly flocke restores,
With shades, and Riuers, and the Thickets finds
Of rough *Siluanus*, silent shores
Are free from playing winds.

9. To keepe the State in order is thy care,
Sollicitous for Rome, thou fear'st the warres,
Which barbrous Easterne troopes prepare,
And Tanais vs'd to iarres.

The wise Creator from our knowledge hides
The end of future times in darksome night;
False thoughts of mortals he derides,
When them vaine toyes affright.

With mindfull temper present houres compose,
The rest are like a Riuer, which with ease,
Sometimes within his channell flowes,
Into Etrurian Seas.

Of stones, trees, flocks, and houses it deuoures,
VVith Echoes from the hills, and neighb'ring woods,
VVhen some fierce deluge, rais'd by showres,
Turnes quiet Brookes to Floods.

He master of himselfe, in mirth may liue,
VVho saith, I rest well pleas'd with former dayes,
Let God from heau'n to morrow giue
Blacke clouds, or Sunny rayes.

No force can make that voide, which once is past,
Those things are neuer alter'd, or vndone,
VVhich from the instant rolling fast,
VVith flying moments run.

Proud Fortune ioyfull sad affaires to finde,
Insulting in her sport, delights to change
Vncertaine honours: quickly kinde,
And straight againe as strange.

I prayse her stay, but if she stirre her wings,
Her gifts I leaue, and to my selfe retire,
VVrapt in my vertue: honest things
In want no dowre require.

VVhen Lybian stormes, the mast in pieces shake,
I neuer God with pray'rs, and vowes implore,
Lest precious wares addition make
To greedy *Neptunes* store.

Then I contented, with a little bote,
Am through *Ægean* waues, by winds conuay'd,
VVhere *Pollux* makes me safely flote,
And *Castors* friendly aide.

H O R T. E P O D. 2.

HE happy is, who farre from busie sounds,
 (As ancient mortals dwelt)
 With his owne Oxen tills his Fathers grounds,
 And debts hath neuer felt.
 No warre disturbs his rest with fierce alarmes,
 Nor angry Seas offend :
 He shunneth the Law, and those ambitious charmes,
 Which great mens doores attend.
 The lofty Poplers with delight he weds
 To Vines that grow apace,
 And with his hooke vnfruitfull branches shreds,
 More happy sprouts to place,
 Himself beholds, how lowing heards astray,
 In narrow valleys creepe,
 Or in cleane pots, doth pleasant hony lay,
 Or sheares his feeble Sheepe.
 When Autumne from the ground his head vpreares,
 With timely Apples chain'd,
 How glad is he to plucke ingrafted Peares,
 And Grapes with purple stain'd ?

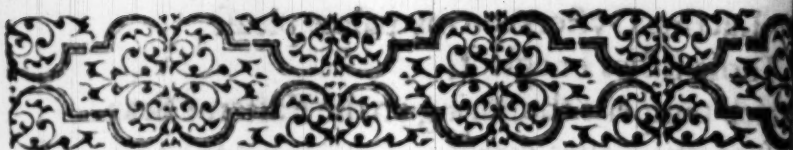
Thus

Thus he *Priapus*, or *Sylvanus* payes,
VWho keepes his limits free,
His weary limbes, in holding grasse he layes,
Or vnder some old tree,
Along the lofty bankes the waters slide,
The Birds in woods lament,
The Springs with trickling streames the Ayre diuide,
VHence gentle sleepes are lent.
But when great *Ioue*, in winters dayes restores
Vnpleasing showres and snowes,
VWith many Dogs he driues the angry Bores
To snares which them oppose.
His slender nets dispos'd on little stakes,
The greedy Thrush preuent :
The fearefull Hare, and forraine Crane he takes,
VWith this reward content.
VWho will not in these ioyes forget the cares,
Which oft in loue we meete :
But when a modest wife the trouble shares
Of house and children sweete,
(Like *Sabines*, or the swift *Apulians* wiues,
Whose cheekes the Sun-beames harme,
When from old wood she sacred fire contriues,
Her weary mate to warme,
When she with hurdles, her glad flockes confines,
And their full vdders dries,
And from sweet vessels drawes the yearely wines,
And meates vn Bought supplies ;

No Lucrine Oysters can my palate please,
 Those fishes I neglect,
 Which tempests thundring on the Easterne Seas
 Into our waues direct.
 No Bird from Affrike sent, my taste allowes,
 Nor Fowle which Asia breeds :
 The Olive (gather'd from the fatty boughes)
 With more delight me feeds.
 Sowre Herbs, which loue the Meades, or Mallowes
 To ease the body pain'd : (good,
 A Lambe which sheds to *Terminus* her blood,
 Or Kid from *VVolues* regain'd.
 What ioy is at these Feasts, when well-fed flocks
 Themselues for home prepare ?
 Or when the weake necke of the weary Oxe
 Drawes back th' inuerted share? (charge)
 VWhen Slaues (the swarines that wealthy houses
 Neere smiling Lar, sit downe,
 This life when *Alphius* hath describ'd at large,
 Inclining to the Clowne,
 He at the Ides calles all that money in,
 VWhich he hath let for gaine :
 But when the next month shall his course begin,
 He puts it out againe.

E

PER.



P E R. S A T. 2.

M *Acrinus*, let this happy day be knowne
 As white, and noted with a better stone,
 Which to thine age doth sliding yeeres combine :
 Before thy Genius powre forth cups of wine,
 Thy pray'r expect no base and greedy end,
 Which to the gods thou closely must commend :
 Though most of those whom honours lift on high,
 In all their offerings silent Incense frie,
 All from the Temple are not apt to take
 Soft lowly sounds, and open vows to make.
 The gifts of minde, fame, faich he vtters cleare,
 That strangers may farre off his wishes heare :
 But this he mumbles vnderneath his tongue ;
 O that mine Vnkles death expected long,
 Would bring a fun'rall which no cost shall lacke !
 O that a pot of siluer once would cracke
 Beneath my harrow by *Alcides* sent!
 Or that I could the Orphanes hopes preuent,
 To whom I am next heire, and must succeed !
 (Since swelling humours in his body breed,
 Which threaten oft the shortnesse of his life.)
 How blest is *Nerius*, thrice to change his wife !

Those are the holy pray'rs for which thy head
 (When first the morning hath her mantle spread)
 Is dipt so many times in *Tibers* streames,
 Where running waters purge the nightly dreames.
 I thus demand; in answer be not slow,
 It is not much that I desire to know:
 Of *Ioue* what think'st thou? if thy iudgement can
 Esteeme him iustler then a mortall man?
 Then *Stains*? doubt'st thou which of these is best
 To iudge aright the fatherlesse opprest?
 The speech with which thine impious wishes dare
 Prophane *Ioues* cares, to *Stains* now declare:
 O *Ioue*, O good *Ioue*, he will straight exclaime,
 And shall not *Ioue* crie out on his owne name?
 For pardon canst thou hope, because the Oke
 Is sooner by the sacred Brimstone broke,
 When Thunder teares the Ayre, then thou and thine,
 Because thou ly'st not, as a dismall signe
 In Woods, while entrailes, and *Ergennaes* Art,
 Bid all from thy sad carkase to depart,
 Will therefore *Ioue* his foolish beard extend,
 For thee to pull? what treasure canst thou spend
 To make the eares of Gods, by purchase thine?
 Can lights and bowels bribe the pow'rs diuine?
 Some Grandame, or religious Aunt, whose ioy
 Is from the cradle to take out the Boy,
 In lustrall spittle her long finger dips,
 And expiates his forehead and his lips.

Her cunning from bewitching eyes defends,
Then in her armes she dandles him, and sends
Her slender hope, which humble vowes propound
To *Craſſus* house, or to *Licinius* ground.
Let Kings and Queenes wish him their sonne in law;
Let all the wenches him in pieces draw;
May eu'ry stalke of grasse on which he goes,
Be soone transform'd into a fragrant Rose.
No such request to Nurses I allow,
Ioue (though she pray in white) refuse her vow,
Thou would'st firme sinewes haue, a body strong,
Which may in age continue able long,
But thy grosse meates, and ample dishes stay
The gods from granting this, and *Ioue* delay.
With hope to raise thy wealth, thou kill'st an Oxe,
Inuoking *Hermes*: blesse my house and flockes.
How can it be (vaine foole) when in the fires
The melted fat of many Steeres expires?
Yet still thou think'st to ouercome at last,
While many offrings in the flame are cast;
Now shall my fields be large, my sheepe increase;
Now it will come, now, now; nor wilt thou cease,
Vntill deceiu'd, and in thy hopes deprest,
Thou sigh'st to see the bottome of thy chest,
When I to thee haue cups of siluer brought,
Or gifts in solid golden metall wrought,
The left side of thy brest will dropping sweate,
And full of ioy thy trembling heart will beate.

Hence comes it, that with gold in triumph borne,
 Thou do'st the faces of the gods adorne,
 Among the brazen brethren they that send
 Those dreames, where euill humours least extend,
 The highest place in mens affections hold,
 And for their care receiue a beard of gold:
 The glorious name of gold hath put away
 The vse of *Saturnes* brasse, and *Numaes* clay.
 This glitt'ring pride to richer substance turnes
 The Tuscan earthen pots, and vesture vnes.
 O crooked soules, declining to the earth,
 Whose empty thoughts forget their heau'nly birth:
 What end, what profit haue we, when we strue
 Our manners to the Temples to deriue?
 Can we suppose, that to the gods we bring
 Some pleasing good for this corrupted Spring?
 This flesh, which *Casia* doth dissolue and spoyle,
 And with that mixture taints the natiue oyle:
 This boyles the fish with purple liquor full,
 And stains the whitenesse of Calabrian wooll.
 This from the shell scrapes out the Pearle, and straines
 From raw rude earth the feruent Metals veines.
 This finnes, it finnes, yet makes some vse of vice:
 But tell me, ye great Flamins, can the price
 Raise Gold to more account in holy things,
 Then Babies, which the maide to *Venus* brings?
 Nay rather let vs yeeld the gods such gifts,
 As great *Messallaes* off-spring neuer lists,

In costly Chargers stretcht to ample space,
Because degen'rate from his noble race :
A soule, where iust, and pious thoughts are chain'd;
A mind, whose secret corners are vnstain'd :
A brest, in which all gen'rous vertues lie,
And paint it with a neuer-fading die.
Thus to the Temples let me come with zeale,
The gods will heare me, though I offer meale.

 AVSON. IDYLL. 16.

A Man, both good and wise, whose perfect mind
Apollo cannot in a thousand find,
 As his owne Iudge, himselfe exactly knowes,
 Secure what Lords or vulgar breasts suppose :
 He, like the World, anequall roundnesse beares ;
 On his smooth sides no outward spot appears :
 He thinks, how *Cancers* starre increaseth light ;
 How *Capricornes* cold Tropicke lengthens night,
 And by iust scales will all his actions trie,
 That nothing sinke too low, nor rise too high,
 That corners may with euen parts incline,
 And measures erre not with a faultry line,
 That all within be solid, lest some blow
 Should by the sound the empty vessell show,
 Ere he to gentle sleepe his eyes will lay,
 His thoughts reuolue the actions of the day,
 What houres from me with dull neglect haue runne,
 What was in time, or out of season done ?
 Why hath this worke, adorning-beauty lackt,
 Or reason wanted in another fact ?
 What things haue I forgotten, why design'd
 To seeke those ends, which better were declin'd,

When to the needy wretch I gaue reliefe,
Why was my broken soule posselt with grieve?
In what haue my mistaking wishes err'd,
Why profit more, then honesty preferr'd?
Could my sharpe words another man incense,
Or were my bookes compos'd to breed offence?
How comes it, that corrupted nature drawes
My will from disciplines amending lawes?
Thus going slowly through his words and deeds,
He from one eu'ning to the next proceeds:
Peruerting crimes he checkes with angry frownes,
Straight leuell'd Vertues he rewards with Crownes.

Claudians *Epigram of the old man
of Verona.*

THrice happy he, whose age is spent vpon his owne,
 The same house sees him old, which him a child hath known,
 He leanes vpon his staffe in sand where once he crept,
 His mem'ry long descents, of one poore cote hath kept,
 He through the various strife of fortune neuer past,
 Nor as a wand'ring guest would forraine waters taste,
 He neuer fear'd the seas in trade, nor sound of warres,
 Nor in hoarse courts of law, hath felt litigious iarres,
 Vnskilfull in affaires, he knowes no City neare,
 So freely he enioyes the sight of heau'n more cleare,
 The yeeres by seu'rall corne, not Consuls he computes,
 He notes the Spring by flowres, and Autumne by the fruits,
 One space put downe the Sunne, and brings againe the rayes.
 Thus by a certaine Orbe he measures out the dayes,
 Remembring some great Oke from small beginning spred,
 He sees the wood grow old, which with himselfe was bred.
Verona next of Townes as farre as *India* seemes,
 And for the ruddy Sea, *Benacus* he esteemes:
 Yet still his armes are firme, his strength vntam'd and greene;
 The full third age hath him a lusty Grandfire scene.
 Let others trauaile farre, and hidden coasts display,
 This man hath more of life, and those haue more of way.

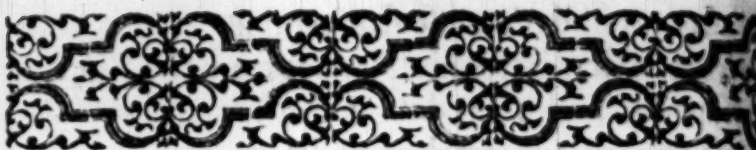


*Vpon the two great Feasts of the Annunciation
and Resurrection falling on the same day,
March 25. 1627.*

THrice happy day, which sweetly do'st combine
Two Hemispheres in th' Equinoctiall line :
The one debasing God to earthly paine,
The other raising man to endlesse raigne.
Christs humble steps declining to the wombe,
Touch heau'nly scales erected on his Tombe :
We first with *Gabriel* must this Prince conuay
Into his chamber on the marriage day,
Then with the other Angels cloth'd in white,
We will adore him in this conqu'ring Night :
The Sonne of God assuming humane breath,
Becomes a subiect to his vassall Death,
That Graues and Hell laid open by his strife,
May giue vs passage to a better life.
See for this worke how things are newly styl'd,
Man is declar'd, Almighty, God, a Child ;
The Word made Flesh, is speechlesse, and the Light
Begins from Clouds, and sets in depth of night ;
Behold the Sunne eclips'd for many yeeres,
And eu'ry day more dusky robes he weares,

Till after totall darkenesse shining faire,
No Moone shall barre his splendor from the Aire.
Let faithfull soules this double Feast attend
In two Processions: let the first descend
The Temples staires, and with a downe-cast eye
Vpon the lowest pauement prostrate lie,
In creeping Violets, white Lillies shine
Their humble thoughts, and eu'ry pure designe;
The other troope shall climbe with sacred heate,
The rich degrees of *Salomons* bright seate,
In glowing Roses feruent zeale they beare,
And in the Azure Flowre de-lis appeare
Celestiall contemplations, which aspire
About the skie, vp to th'immortall Quire.

of

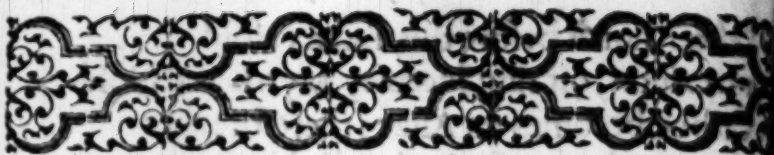


Of the Epiphany.

FAire Easterne Starre, that art ordain'd to runne
 Before the Sages, to the rising Sunne,
 Here cease thy course, and wonder that the cloud
 Of this poore Stable can thy Maker shroud:
 Ye heauenly bodies, glory to be bright,
 And are esteem'd, as ye are rich in light:
 But here on earth is taught a diff'rent way,
 Since vnder this low rooffe the Higheſt lay;
Ieruſalem erects her ſtately Towres,
 Diſplayes her windowes, and adorneſ her bowres:
 Yet there thou muſt not caſt a trembling ſparke.
 Let *Herods* Palace ſtill continue darke,
 Each Schoole and Synagogue thy force repels,
 There pride enthron'd in miſty errorſ dwels.
 The Temple where the Prieſts maintaine their quire,
 Shall taſte no beame of thy Celeftiall fire.
 While this weake Cottage all thy ſplendor takes,
 A ioyfull gate of eu'ry chinke it makes.
 Here ſhineſ no golden rooffe, no Iu'ry ſtaire,
 No King exalted in a ſtately chaire,
 Girt with attendants, or by Heraldſ ſtyl'd,
 But ſtraw and hay inwrap a ſpeechleſſe Child,

Let *Sabaes* Lords before this Babe vnfold
their treasures, off'ring Incense, Myrrh and Gold.
The Cribbe becomes an Altar; therefore dies
No Oxe nor Sheepe, for in their fodder lies
The Prince of Peace, who thankfull for his bed,
Destroyes those Rites, in which their blood was shed:
The quintessence of earth, he takes and sees,
And precious gummes distill'd from weeping trees,
Rich Metals, and sweet Odours now declare
The glorious blessings, which his Lawes prepare
To cleare vs from the base and lothsome flood
Offense, and make vs fir for Angels food,
Who list to God for vs the holy smoke
Of seruent pray'rs, with which we him inuoke,
And trie our actions in that searching fire,
By which the Seraphims our lips inspire:
No muddy drosse pure Min'ralls shall infect,
We shall exhale our vapours vp direct:
No stormes shall crosse, nor glitt'ring lights deface
Perpetuall fighes, which seeke a happy place.

of



Of the Transfiguration of our Lord.

YEe that in lowly valleyes weeping fate,
 And taught your humble soules to mourne of late
 For sinnes, and suff'rings breeding griefes and feares,
 And made the Riuers bigger with your teares;
 Now cease your sad complaints, till fitter time,
 And with those three belou'd Apostles clime
 To lofty *Thabor*, where your happy eyes
 Shall see the Sunne of glory brightly rise:
 Draw neere, and euer blesse that sacred hill,
 That there no heate may parch, no frost may kill
 The tender plants, nor any thunder blast
 That top, by which all mountaines are surpast.
 By steepe and briery paths ye must ascend:
 But if ye know to what high scope ye tend,
 No let nor danger can your steps restraine,
 The crags will easie seeme, the thickets plaine.
 Our Lord there stands, not with his painefull Crosse
 Laid on his shoulders, mouing you to losse
 Of precious things, nor calling you to beare
 That burden, which so much base worldlings feare.
 Here are no promist hopes obscur'd with clouds,
 No sorrow with dim vailes true pleasure shrowds,

But perfect Ioy, which here discover'd shines,
To taste of heauenly light your thoughts inclines,
And able is to weane deluded mindes
From fond delight, which wretched mortals blinds :
Yet let not sense so much your reason sway,
As to desire for euer here to stay,
Refusing that sweet change which God provides,
To those whom with his rod and staffe he guides :
Your happinesse consists not now alone
In those high comforts which are often throwne
In plenteous manner from our Sauours hand;
To raise the fall'n, and cause the weake to stand:
But ye are blest, when being trodden downe,
Ye taste his Cup, and weare his thorny Crowne.

On



On Ascension day.

YE that to heau'n direct your curious eyes,
 And send your minds to walk the spacious skies,
 See how the Maker to your selues you brings,
 Who sets his noble marks on meanest things:
 And hauing Man about the Angels plac'd,
 The lowly Earth more then the Heau'n hath grac'd.
 Poore Clay, each Creature thy degrees admires;
 First, God in thee a liuing Soule inspires, (bright
 Whose glorious beames hath made thee farre more
 Then is the Sunne, the spring of corp'rall light:
 He rests not here, but to himselfe thee takes,
 And thee diuine by wondrous vnion makes.
 What Region can afford a worthy place
 For his exalted Flesh? Heau'n is too base,
 He scarce would touch it in his swift ascent,
 The Orbes fled backe (like *Jordan*) as he went:
 And yet he daign'd to dwell a while on earth,
 As paying thankfull tribute for his birth:
 But now this body all Gods workes excels,
 And hath no place, but God, in whom it dwels.

*An Ode of the blessed Trini-
tie.*

MUse, that art dull and weake,
Opprest with worldly paine,
If strength in thee remaine,
Of things diuine to speake :

Thy thoughts awhile from vrgent cares restraine,
And with a cheareful voice thy wonted silence breake.

No cold shall thee benumme,
Nor darknesse taint thy sight;
To thee new heate, new light,
Shall from this object come,
Whose praises if thou now wilt sound aright,
My pen shall giue thee leaue hereafter to be dumbe.

Whence shall we then begin

To sing, or write of this,

Where no beginning is ?

Or if we enter in,

Where shall we end ? The end is endlesse blisse;

Thrice happy we, if well so rich a thread we spinne.

F

For

For Thee our strings we touch,
 Thou that are Three, and One,
 Whose essence though vnknowne,
 Beleeu'd is to be such ;

To whom what ere we giue, we giue thine owne,
 And yet no mortall tongue can giue to thee so much

See how in vayne we trie
 To find some tipe, t' agree
 With this great One in Three,
 Yet can none such descric,
 If any like, or second wereto thee,
 Thy hidden nature then were not so deepe and high

Here faile inferiour things,
 The Sunne whose heate and light
 Make creatures warme and bright,
 A feeble shadow brings :
 The Sunne shewes to the world his Fathers might
 With glorious raies, frō both our fire (the spirit) spring

Now to this topleffe hill,
 Let vs ascend more neare,
 Yet still within the Spheare
 Of our conat'rall skill,
 We may behold how in our foules we beare
 An vnderstanding pow'r, ioyn'd with effectuall will

We can no higher goe
To search this point diuine;
Here it doth chiefly shine,
This Image must it show:
These steppes as helps our humble minds incline,
T^e embrace those certaine grounds, which from true
(Faith must flow.

To him these notes direct,
Who not with outward hands,
Nor by his strong commands,
Whence creatures take effect:
While perfectly himselfe he vnderstands,
Begets another selfe, with equall glory deckt.

From these, the Spring of loue,
The holy Ghost proceeds,
VWho our affection feeds,
VVith those cleare flames which moue
From that eternall Essence which them breeds,
And strike into our soules, as lightning from aboue.

Stay, stay, Parnassian Girle,
Heere thy descriptions faint,
Thou humane shapes canst paint,
And canst compare to Pearle
VVhite teeth, and speak of lips which Rubies taint,
Resembling beauteous eies to Orbs that swiftly whirl.

But now thou mayst perceiue
 The weakenesse of thy wings;
 And that thy noblest strings
 To muddy objects cleave:

Then praise with humble silence heav'nly things,
 And what is more then this, to still deuotion leaue.



*A Dialogue betweene the World, a Pilgrim,
and Vertue.*

Pilgrim.

WHat darknes clouds my senses? Hath the day
Forgot his season, and the Sunne his way?
Doth God withdraw his all-sustaining might,
And works no more with his faire creature light,
While heau'n and earth for such a losse complaine,
And turne to rude vnformed heapes againe?
My paces with intangling briers are bound,
And all this Forrest in deepe silence drownd,
Here must my labour and my iourney cease,
By which in vaine I sought for rest and peace:
But now perceiue that mans vnquiet mind,
In all his waies can onely darkenesse find.
Here must I starue and die, vnlesse some light
Point out the passage from this dismall night.

World.

Distressed Pilgrim, let not causelesse feare
Depresse thy hopes, for thou hast comfort neare,
Which thy dull heart with splendor shall inspire,
And guide thee to thy period of desire.

Clear vp thy browes, and raise thy fainting eyes,
 See how my glitt'ring Palace open lies
 For weary passengers, whose desp'rate case
 I pitie, and provide a resting place.

Pilgrim.

O thou whose speeches sound, whose beauties shine
 Not like a creature, but some pow'r diuine,
 Teach me thy stile, thy worth and state declare,
 VVhose glories in this desert hidden are.

World.

I am thine end, Felicity my name;
 The best of wishes, Pleasures, Riches, Fame,
 Are humble vassals, which my Throne attend,
 And make you mortals happy when I send:
 In my left hand delicious fruits I hold,
 To feede them who with mirth and ease grow old,
 Afraid to lose the fleeting dayes and nights,
 They seaze on times, and spend it in delights.
 My right hand with triumphant crownes is stor'd,
 VVhich all the Kings of former times ador'd:
 These gifts are thine: then enter where no strife,
 No griefe, no paine shall interrupt thy life.

Vertue.

Stay, hasty wretch, here deadly Serpents dwell,
 And thy next step is on the brinke of hell:

VVould

VVouldst thou, poore weary man, thy limbs repose?
Behold my house, where true contentment growes:
Not like the baites, which this seducer giues,
VVhose blisse a day, whose torment euer liues.

World.

Regard not these vaine speeches, let them goe,
This is a poore worme, my contemned foe,
Bold thredbare Vertue; who dare promise more
From empty bags, then I from all my store:
VVhose counsels make men draw vnquiet breath,
Expecting to be happy after death.

Vertue.

Canst thou now make, or hast thou euer made
Thy seruants happy in those things that fade?
Heare this my challenge, one example bring
Of such perfection; let him be the King
Of all the world, fearing no outward check,
And guiding others by his voice or beck:
Yet shall this man at eu'ry moment find
More gall then hony in his restlesse mind.
Now Monster, since my words haue struck thee dumb,
Behold this Garland, whence such vertues come,
Such glories shine, such piercing beames are throwne,
As make thee blind, and turne thee to a stone.
And thou, whose wand'ring feet were running downe
Th' infernall steepenesse, looke vpon this Crowne:

Within these folds lie hidden no deceits,
 No golden lures, on which perdition waites:
 But when thine eyes the prickly thornes have past,
 See in the circle boundlesse ioyes at last.

Pilgrim.

These things are now most cleare, thee I embrace:
 Immortall Wreath, let worldlings count thee base,
 Choyce is thy matter, glorious is thy shape,
 Fit Crowne for them who tempting dangers scape.



An act of Contrition.

When first my reason, dawning like the day,
 Disperst the clouds of childish sense away :
 Gods Image fram'd in that superior Tow'r,
 Diuinely drew mine vnderstanding pow'r
 To thinke vpon his Greatnesse, and to feare
 His darts of thunder, which the mountaines teare.
 And when with feeble light my soule began
 T'acknowledge him a higher thing then man,
 My next discourse erected by his grace,
 Conceiues him free from bounds of time or place,
 And sees the furthest that of him is knowne,
 All spring from him, and he depends of none.
 The steps which in his various workes are seal'd,
 The doctrines in his sacred Church reueal'd,
 Were all receiu'd as truths into my mind,
 Yet durst I breake his lawes, O strangely blind:
 My festring wounds are past the launcing cure,
 Which terrour giues to thoughts at first impure :
 No helpe remains these vlcers to remoue,
 Vnlesse I scorch them with the flames of loue.
 Lord, from thy wrath my soule appeales, and flies
 To gracious beames of those indulgent eyes,

Which

Which brought me first from nothing, and sustaine
My life, lest it to nothing turne againe,
VVhich in thy Sonnes blood washt my parents sinne
And taught me waies eternall blisse to winne.
The Starres which guide my Bark with heau'nly calls,
My boords in shipwrack after many falls :
In these I trust, and wing'd with pleasing hope,
Attempt new flight to come to thee, my scope,
VVhom I esteeme a thousand times more deare,
Then worldly things which faire and sweet appeare.
Rebellious flesh, which thee so oft offends,
Presents her teares: alas, a poore amends,
But thou accept'st them. Hence they precious grow,
As liuing waters which from *Eden* flow.
VVith these I wish my vitall blood may runne,
Ere new Eclipses dimme this glorious Sunne :
And yeeld my selfe afflicting paines to take
For thee my Spouse, and onely for thy sake.
Hell could not fright me with immortall fire,
VVere it not arm'd with thy forsaking ire :
Nor should I looke for comfort and delight
In heau'n, if heau'n were shadow'd from thy sight.

In Desolation.

O Thou, who sweetly bend'st my stubborne will,
 VVho send'st thy stripes to teach, and not to kill:
 Thy chearefull face from me no longer hide,
 Withdraw these clouds, the scourges of my pride;
 I sinke to hell, if I be lower throwne:
 I see what man is being left alone.
 My substance which from nothing did begin,
 Is worse then nothing by the waight of sin:
 I see my selfe in such a wretched state,
 As neither thoughts conceiue, or words relate.
 How great a distance parts vs? for in thee
 Is endlesse good, and boundlesse ill in mee.
 All creatures proue me abiect, but how low,
 Thou onely know'st, and teache'st me to know:
 To paint this basenesse, Nature is too base;
 This darknesse yeelds not but to beames of grace.
 Where shall I then this piercing splendor find?
 Or found, how shall it guide me being blind?
 Grace is a taste of blisse, a glorious gift,
 Which can the soule to heau'nly comforts lift.
 It will not shine to me whose mind is drown'd
 In sorrowes, and with worldly troubles bound.

It

It will not daigne within that house to dwell,
Where drinesse raignes, and proud distractions swell.
Perhaps it sought me in those lightsome dayes
Of my first seruour, when few winds did raise
The waues, and ere they could full strength obtaine,
Some whisp'ring gale straight charm'd them downe
When all seem'd calme, & yet the Virgins child, (gaine
On my deuotions in his manger smild;
While then I simply walkt, nor heed could take,
Of complacence, that slye deceitfull Snake;
When yet I had not dang'rously refus'd
So many calls to vertue, nor abus'd
The spring of life, which I so oft enioy'd,
Nor made so many good intentions voyd,
Deseruing thus that grace should quite depart,
And dreadfull hardnesse should possesse my heart:
Yet in that state this onely good I found,
That fewer spots did then my conscience wound,
Though who can censure, whether in those times,
The want of feeling seem'd the want of crimes?
If solid vertues dwell not but in paine,
I will not wish that golden age againe,
Because it flow'd with sensible delights
Of heauenly things: God hath created nights
As well as dayes, to decke the varied Globe;
Grace comes as oft clad in the dusky robe
Of desolation, as in white attire,
Which better fits the bright celestiaall Quire.

Some in foule seasons perish through despaire,
But more through boldnesse when the daies are faire.
This then must be the med'cine for my woes,
To yeeld to what my Sauour shall dispose :
To glory in my basenesse, to reioyce
In mine afflictions, to obey his voyce,
As well when threatnings my defects reprove,
As when I cherisht am with words of loue,
To say to him in eu'ry time and place,
Withdraw thy comforts, so thou leaue thy grace.

In



In spirituall comfort.

ENough delight, O mine eternall good!
 I feare to perissh in this fiery flood:
 And doubt, lest beames of such a glorious light
 Should rather blind me, then extend my sight:
 For how dare mortals here their thoughts erect
 To taste those ioyes, which they in heau'n expect?
 But God inuities them in his boundlesse loue,
 And lifts their heauy minds to things aboue.
 VWho would not follow such a pow'rfull guide
 Immid'ft of flames, or through the raging tide?
 VVhat carelesse soule will not admire the grace
 Of such a Lord, who knowes the dang'rous place
 In which his seruants liue; their natiue woes,
 Their weake defence, and fury of their foes:
 And casting downe to earth these golden chaines,
 From hels steepe brinke their sliding steps restraines?
 His deare affection flies with wings of haste;
 He will not stay till this short life be past:
 But in this vale where teares of grieve abound,
 He oft with teares of ioy his friends hath drown'd.
 Man, what desir'st thou? wouldst thou purchase health,
 Great honour, perfect pleasure, peace and wealth?

All these are here, and in their glory raigne :
In other things these names are false and vaine.
True wisdom bids vs to this banquet haste,
That precious Nectar may renew the taste
Of *Edens* dainties, by our parents lost
For one poore Apple, which so deare would cost,
That eu'ry man a double death should pay,
But mercy comes the latter stroke to stay,
And (leauing mortall bodies to the knife
Of Iustice) striues to saue the better life.
No sou'raigne med'cine can be halfe so good
Against destruction, as this Angels food,
This inward illustration, when it finds
A seate in humble, and indiff'rent minds.
If wretched men contemne a Sunne so bright,
Dispos'd to stray, and stumble in the night,
And seeke contentment where they oft haue knowne
By deare experience, that there can be none.
They would much more neglect their God, their end,
If ought were found whereon they might depend,
Within the compasse of the gen'rall frame :
Or if some Sparkes of this Celestiall flame
Had not ingrau'd this sentence in their brest :
In him that made them is their onely rest.

As



An Act of Hope.

Sweet Hope is soueraigne comfort of our life;
 Our Ioy in sorrow, and our Peace in strife:
 The Dame of Beggars, and the Queene of Kings;
 Can these delight in height of prosp'rous things,
 Without expecting still to keepe them sure?
 Can those the weight of heauy wants endure,
 Vnlesse perswasion instant paine allay,
 Reseruing spirit for a better day?
 Our God, who planted in his creatures brest,
 This stop on which the wheelles of passion rest,
 Hath rays'd by beames of his abundant grace,
 This strong affection to a higher place.
 It is the second vertue which attends
 That soule, whose motion to his sight ascends.
 Rest here, my mind, thou shalt no longer stay
 To gaze vpon these houses made of clay:
 Thou shalt not stoope to honours, or to lands,
 Nor golden balles, where sliding fortune stands:
 If no false colours draw thy steps amisse,
 Thou hast a Palace of eternall blisse,
 A Paradise from care, and feare exempt,
 An obiect worthy of the best attempt.

Who would not for so rich a Country fight?
Who would not runne, that sees a goale so bright?
O thou who art our Author and our end,
On whose large mercy, chaines of hope depend;
Lift me to thee by thy propitious hand:
For lower I can find no place to stand.



Of Teares.

BEhold what Riuers feeble nature spends,
 And melts vs-into Seas at losse of friends :
 Their mortall state this Fountaine neuer dries,
 But fills the world with worlds of weeping eies.
 Man is a creature borne, and nurst in teares,
 He through his life the markes of sorrow beares;
 And dying, thinkes he can no off'ring haue
 More fit then teares distilling on his graue.
 We must these floods to larger bounds extend ;
 Such streames require a high and noble end.
 As waters in a chrystall Orbe contain'd
 Aboue the starry Firmament, are chain'd
 To coole the fury of those raging flames,
 Which eu'ry lower Spheare by motion frames :
 So this continuall Spring within thy head,
 Must quench the fires in other members bred.
 If to our Lord our Parents had been true,
 Our teares had been like drops of pleasing dew :
 But sinne hath made them full of bitter paines,
 Vntimely children of afflicted braines :
 Yet they are chang'd, when we our sinnes lament,
 To richer Pearles, then from the East are sent.



Of Sinne.

WHat penfill shall I take, or where begin
 To paint the vgly face of odious sinne?
 Man sinning oft, though pardon'd oft, exceeds
 The falling Angels in malicious deeds:
 When we in words would tell the sinners shame,
 To call him Diuell is too faire a name.
 Should we for euer in the Chaos dwell,
 Or in the lothsome depth of gaping hell:
 We there no foule and darksome formes shall find
 Sufficient to describe a guilty mind.
 Search through the world, we shall not know a thing,
 Which may to reasons eye more horror bring,
 Then disobedience to the highest cause,
 And obstinate auersion from his Lawes.
 The sinner will destroy God, if he can.
 O what hath God deseru'd of thee, poore man,
 That thou should'st boldly striue to pull him downe
 From his high Throne, and take away his Crowne?
 What blindness moues thee to vnequall fight?
 See how thy fellow creatures scorne thy might,
 Yet thou prouok'st thy Lord, as much too great,
 As thou too weake for his Imperiall seate.

Behold a silly wretch distracted quite,
Extending towards God his feeble spite,
And by his poy's'nous breath his hopes are faire
To blast the skies, as it corrupts the aire.
Vpon the other side thou mayst perceiue
A mild Commander, to whose Army cleaue
The sparkling Starres, and each of them desires
To fall and drowne this Rebell in their fires.
The Cloudes are ready this proud Foe to tame,
Full fraught with thunderbolts, and lightnings flame.
The Earth, his Mother, greedy of his doome,
Expects to open her vnhappy wombe,
That this degen'rate sonne may liue no more,
So chang'd from that pure man, whom first she bore.
The sauage Beasts, whose names his Father gaue,
To quell this pride, their Makers licence craue.
The Fiends his Masters in this warlike way,
Make sute to seaze him as their lawfull prey.
No friends are left: then whither shall he flie?
To that offended King, who sits on high,
Who hath deferr'd the battell, and restrain'd
His souldiers like the winds in fetters chain'd:
For let the Sinner leaue his hideous maske,
God will as soone forgiue, as he shall aske.



Of the miserable state of Man.

IS man, the best of creatures, growne the worst?
 He once most blessed was, now most accurst:
 His whole felicity is endlesse strife,
 No peace, no satisfaction crownes his life;
 No such delight as other creatures take,
 Which their desires can free, and happy make:
 Our appetites, which seeke for pleasing good,
 Haue oft their wane and full; their ebbe and floud;
 Their calme and stormes: the neuer-constant Moone,
 The Seas, and nimble winds not halfe so soone
 Incline to change, while all our pleasure rests
 In things which vary, like our wau'ring brests.
 He who desires that wealth his life may blesse,
 Like to a Iayler, counts it good succeffe,
 To haue more pris'ners, which increase his care;
 The more his goods, the more his dangers are:
 This Sayler sees his ship about to drowne,
 And he takes in more wares to presse it downe.
 Vaine honour is a play of diuers parts,
 Where fained words and gestures please our hearts;
 The flatt' red audience are the Actors friends;
 But lose that Title when the Fable ends.

The faire desire that others should behold,
Their clay well featur'd, their well temper'd mould
Ambitious mortals make their chiefe pretence,
To be the objects of delighted sense :
Yet oft the shape, and hue of basest things,
More admiration moues, more pleasure brings.
Why should we glory to be counted strong?
This is the praise of Beasts, the pow'r of wrong :
And if the strength of many were inclos'd
Within one brest, yet when it is oppos'd
Against that force, which Art or Nature frame,
It melts like waxe before the scorching flame.
VVe can not in these outward things be blest ;
For we are sure to lose them ; and the best
Of these contentments no such comfort beares,
As may waigh equall with the doubts and feares,
VWhich fixe our minds on that vncertaine day,
When these shall faile, most certaine to decay.
From length of life no happinesse can come,
But what the guilty feele, who after doome
Are to the lothsome prison sent againe,
And there must stay to die with longer paine.
No earthly gift lasts after death, but Fame ;
This gouernes men more carefull of their name,
Then of their soules, which their vngodly taste
Dissolues to nothing, and shall proue at last
Farre worse then nothing: Prayles come too late,
When man is not, or is in wretched state.

But these are ends which draw the meanest hearts :
Let vs search deepe and trie our better parts :
O knowledge, if a heau'n on earth could be,
I would expect to reape that blisse in thee :
But thou art blind, and they that haue thy light,
More clearely know, they liue in darksome night.
See, man, thy stripes at schoole, thy paines abroad,
Thy watching, and thy palenesse well bestow'd :
These feeble helpes can Scholers neuer bring
To perfect knowledge of the plainest thing :
And some to such a height of learning grow,
They die perswaded, that they nothing know.
In vaine swift houres spent in deepe study slide,
Vnlesse the purchast doctrine curbe our pride.
The soule perswaded, that no fading loue
Can equall her imbraces, seekes aboue :
And now aspiring to a higher place,
Is glad that all her comforts here are base :



Of Sicknesse.

THe end of Sicknesse, Health or Death declare
 The cause as happy, as the sequels are.
 Vaine mortals, while they strive their sense to please
 Endure a life worse then the worst disease :
 When sports and ryots of the restless night,
 Breede dayes as thicke posselt with fenny light:
 How oft haue these (compell'd by wholsome paine)
 Return'd to sucke sweet Natures brest againe,
 And then could in a narrow compasse find
 Strength for the body, clearenesse in the mind ?
 And if Death come, it is not he, whose dart,
 Whose scalpe and bones afflict the trembling heart:
 (As if the Painters with new art would strive
 For feare of Bugs, to keepe poore men aliue)
 But one, who from thy mothers wombe hath been
 Thy friend and strict companion, though vnseene,
 To leade thee in the right appointed way,
 And crowne thy labours at the conqu'ring day.
 Vngratefull men, why doe you sicknesse loath,
 Which blessings giue in Heau'n, or Earth, or both?



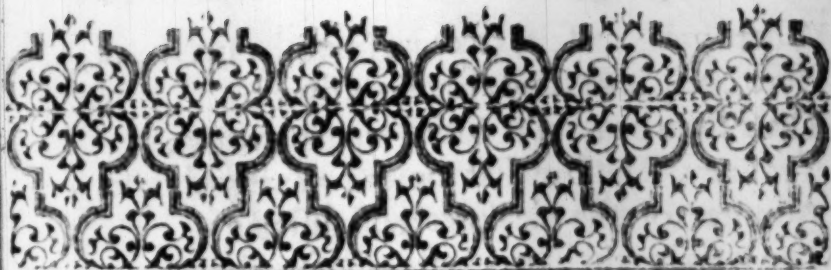
Of true Liberty.

HE that from dust of worldly tumults flies,
 May boldly open his vndazled eyes,
 To reade wise Natures booke, and with delight
 Surueyes the Plants by day, and starres by night.
 We need not trauaile, seeking wayes to blisse:
 He that desires contentment, cannot misse:
 No garden walles this precious flowre imbrace:
 It common growes in eu'ry desart place.
 Large scope of pleasure drownes vs like a flood,
 To rest in little, is our greatest good.
 Learne ye that clime the top of Fortunes wheele,
 That dang'rous state which ye disdain to feele:
 Your highnesse puts your happinesse to flight,
 Your inward comforts fade with outward light,
 Vnlesse it be a blessing not to know
 This certaine truth, lest ye should pine for woe,
 To see inferiours so diuinely blest
 With freedome, and your selues with fetters prest,
 Ye sit like pris'ners barr'd with doores and chaines,
 And yet no care perpetuall care restraines.
 Ye strue to mixe your sad conceits with ioyes,
 By curious pictures, and by glitt'ring toyes,

While

While others are not hind'red from their ends,
Delighting to conuerse with bookes or friends,
And living thus retir'd, obtaine the pow'r
To reigne as Kings, of euery sliding houre :
They walke by *Cynthias* light, and lift their eyes
To view the ord'red armies in the skies.
The heau'ns they measure with imagin'd lines,
And when the Northerne Hemisphere declines,
New constellations in the South they find,
Whose rising may refresh the studious mind.
In these delights, though freedome shew more high :
Few can to things aboue their thoughts apply.
But who is he that cannot cast his looke
On earth, and reade the beauty of that booke ?
A bed of smiling flow'rs, a trickling Spring,
A swelling Riuer, more contentment bring,
Then can be shadow'd by the best of Art :
Thus still the poore man hath the better part.

Against



Against inordinate loue of Creatures.

AH! who would loue a creature? who would place
 His heart, his treasure in a thing so base?
 Which time consuming, like a Moth destroys,
 And stealing death will rob him of his ioyes.
 Why list we not our minds aboue this dust?
 Haue we not yet perceiu'd that God is iust,
 And hath ordain'd the obiects of our loue
 To be our scourges, when we wanton proue?
 Go, carelesse man, in vaine delights proceed,
 Thy fantasies, and thine outward senses feede,
 And bind thy selfe, thy fellow-seruants thrall:
 Loue one too much, thou art a slaue to all.
 Consider when thou follow'st seeming good,
 And drown'st thy selfe too deepe in flesh and blood,
 Thou making sute to dwell with woes and feares,
 Art sworne their souldier in the vale of teares:
 The bread of sorrow shall be thy repast,
 Expect not Eden in a thorny waste,

Where

92 *Against inordinate loue of Creatures.*

Where grow no faire trees, no smooth riuers swell,
Here onely losses and afflictions dwell.

These thou bewayl'st with a repining voyce,
Yet knew'st before that mortall was thy choyse.
Admirers of false pleasures must sustaine
The waight and sharpenesse of insuing paine.

Against



Against abused Loue.

Shall I stand still, and see the world on fire,
 While wanton Writers ioyne in one desire,
 To blow the coales of Loue, and make them burne,
 Till they consume, or to the Chaos turne
 This beautious frame by them so foully rent ?
 That wise men feare, lest they those flames preuent,
 Which for the latestt day th' Almighty keeps
 In orbes of fire, or in the hellish deepes.
 Best wits, while they possesse with fury, thinke
 They taste the Muses sober Well, and drinke
 Of *Phabus* Goblet (now a starry signe)
 Mistake the Cup, and write in heat of wine.
 Then let my cold hand here some water cast,
 And drown their warmth, with drops of sweeter taste,
 Mine angry lines shall whip the purblind Page.
 And some will readethem in a chaster age ;
 But since true loue is most diuine, I know,
 How can I fight with loue, and call it so ?
 Is it not Loue ? It was not now : (O strange !)
 Time and ill custome, workers of all change,
 Haue made it loue, men oft impose not names
 By Adams rule, but what their passion frames.

And

And since our Childhood taught vs to approue
 Our Fathers words, we yeeld and call it loue.
 Examples of past times our deeds should sway;
 But we must speake the language of to day:
 Vse hath no bounds, it may prophane once more
 The name of God, which first an Idoll bore.
 How many titles fit for meaner groomes,
 Are knighted now, and marshal'd in high roomes!
 And many which once good, and great were thought,
 Posterity, to vice and basenesse brought,
 As it hath this of loue, and we must bow,
 As States vsurping Tyrants raignes allow,
 And after-ages reckon by their yeeres:
 Such force Possession, though iniurious, beares:
 Or as a wrongfull title, or foule crime
 Made lawfull by a Statute for the time,
 With reu'rend estimation blindes our eies,
 And is call'd iust, in spight of all the wise.
 Then heau'nly loue, this loathed name forsake,
 And some of thy more glorious titles take:
 Sunne of the Soule, cleare beauty, liuing fire,
 Celestiall light, which dost pure hearts inspire,
 While Lust, thy Bastard brother, shalbe knowne
 By loues wrong'd name, that Louers may him owne.
 So oft with Hereticks such tearmes we vse,
 As they can brooke, not such as we would chuse:
 And since he takes the throne of Loue exil'd,
 In all our Letters he shall Loue be stil'd:

But if true Love vouchsafe againe his sight,
No word of mine shall preiudice his right :
So Kings by caution with their Rebels treat,
As with free States, when they are growne too great.
If common Drunkards onely can expresse
To life the sad effects of their excesse :
How can I write of Love, who neuer felt
His dreadfull arrow, nor did euer melt
My heart away before a female flame,
Like waxen statues, which the witches frame?
I must confesse if I knew one that had
Bene poyson'd with this deadly draught, and mad,
And afterward in Bedlem well reclaym'd
To perfect sence, and in his wits not maym'd :
I would the seruour of my Muse restraine,
And let this subiect for his taske remaine :
But aged wand'ers sooner will declare
Their Eleusinian rites, then Louers dare
Renounce the Deuils pompe, and Christians die :
So much preuailes a painted Idols eye.
Then since of them like Iewes we can conuert
Scarce one in many yeeres, their iust desert,
By selfe confession, neuer can appeare;
But on presumptions wee proceed, and there
The Iudges innocence most credit winnes :
True men trie theeues, and Saints describe foule sinnes.
This Monster loue by day, and lust by night,
Is full of burning fire, but voyde of light,

Left here on earth to keepe poore mortals out
 Of error, who of Hell-fire else would doubt.
 Such is that wandring nightly flame, which leades
 Th'vnwary passenger, vntill he treads
 His last step on the steepe and craggy walles
 Of some high mountaine, whence he headlong falls
 A vapor first extracted from the Stewes,
 (Which with new fewell still the lampe renews)
 And with a Pandars sulph'rous breath inflam'd,
 Became a Meteor, for destruction fram'd,
 Like some prodigious Comet which foretells
 Disasters to the Realme on which it dwells.
 And now hath this false light preuail'd so farre
 That most obserue, it is a fixed starre,
 Yea as their load-starre, by whose beames impure,
 They guide their ships, in courses not secure,
 Bewicht and daz'led with the glaring sight
 Of this proud Fiend, attir'd in Angels light,
 Who still delights his darksome smoke to turne
 To rayes, which seeme t'enlighten, not to burne:
 He leades them to the tree, and they belecue
 The fruite is sweete, so he deluded *Ene.*
 But when they once haue tasted of the feasts,
 They quench that sparke, which seuers men from beasts
 And feele effects of our first Parents fall
 Depriu'd of reason, and to sence made thrall.
 Thus is the miserable Louer bound
 With fancies, and in fond affection drown'd.

In him no faculty of man is seene,
But when he fighes a Sonnet to his Queene :
This makes him more then man, a Poet fit
For such false Poets, as make passion wit.
Who lookes within an emptie caske, may see,
Where once a soule was, and againe may be,
Which by this diffrence from a Corse is knowne:
One is in pow'r to haue life, both haue none:
For Louers slipp'ry Soules (as they confesse,
Without extending racke, or straining presse)
By transmigration to their Mistresse flow :
Pithagoras instructs his Schollers so,
Who did for penance lustfull minds confine
To leade a second life, in Goates, and Swine.
Then Loue is death, and driues the soule to dwell
In this betraying harbour, which like hell
Giues neuer backe her bootie, and containes
A thousand firebrands, whips, and restlessse paines :
And which is worse, so bitter are those wheelles,
That many hells at once, the Louer feeles,
And hath his heart dissected into parts,
That it may meete with other double harts.
This loue stands neuer sure, it wants a ground,
It makes no ordred course, it findes no bound,
It aymes at nothing, it no comfort tastes,
But while the pleasure, and the passion lasts.
Yet there are flames, which two hearts one can make ;
Not for th' affections, but the objects sake.

H

That

That burning glasse, where beames disperst incline
Vnto a point, and shoot forth in a line.

This noble Loue hath Axeltree, and Poles
Wherein it moues, and gets eternall goales :

These reuolutions, like the heau'nly Spheres,
Make all the periods equall as the yeeres :

And when this time of motion finisht is,
It ends with that great Yeere of endlesse blisse.



A description of Loue.

Loue is a Region full of fires,
 And burning with extreme desires,
 An object seekes, of which possesse,
 The wheelles are fixt, the motions rest,
 The flames in ashes lie opprest :
 This Meteor struiuing high to rise,
 (The fewell spent) falles downe and dies.

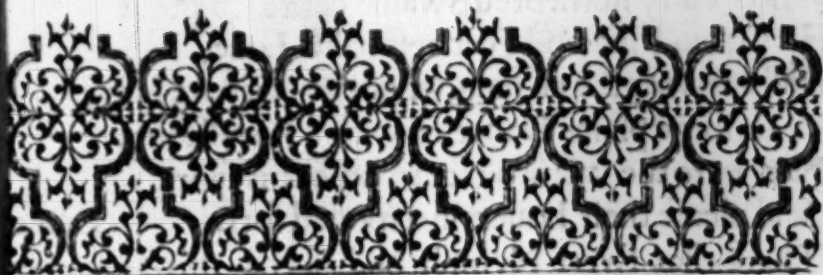
Much sweeter, and more pure delights
 Are drawne from faire alluring sights,
 When rauisht minds attempt to praise
 Commanding eyes, like heau'nly rayes;
 Whose force the gentle heart obayes :
 Then where the end of this pretence
 Descends to base inferiour sense.

Why then should Louers (most will say)
 Expect so much th' enioying day?
 Loue is like youth, he thirsts for age,
 He scornes to be his Mothers Page :
 But when proceeding times asswage
 The former heate, he will complaine,
 And wish those pleasant houres againe.

We know that Hope and Loue are twinnes;
Hope gone, Fruition now beginnes :
But what is this ? vnconstant, fraile,
In nothing sure, but sure to faile :
Which, if we lose it, we bewaile ;
And when we haue it, still we beare
The worst of passions, daily Feare.

When Loue thus in his Center ends,
Desire and Hope, his inward friends
Are shaken off : while Doubt and Griefe,
The weakest giuers of reliefe,
Stand in his counsell as the chiefe :
And now he to his period brought,
From Loue becomes some other thought.

These lines I write not, to remoue
Vnited soules from serious loue :
The best attempts by mortals made,
Reflect on things which quickly fade ;
Yet neuer will I men perswade
To leaue affections, where may shine
Impressions of the Loue diuine.



The Shepherdesse.

A Shepherdesse, who long had kept her flocks
 On stony *Charnwoods* dry and barren rocks,
 In heate of Summer to the vales declin'd,
 To seeke fresh pasture for her Lambes halfe pin'd.
 She (while her charge was feeding) spent the houres
 To gaze on sliding Brookes, and smiling flowres.
 Thus hauing largely stray'd, she lifts her sight,
 And viewes a Palace full of glorious light.
 She finds the entrance open, and as bold,
 As Countrey Maids, that would the Court behold,
 She makes an offer, yet againe she stayes,
 And dares not dally with those Sunny rayes.
 Here lay a Nymph, of beauty most diuine,
 Whose happy presence caus'd the house to shine;
 Who much conuerst with mortals, and could know
 No honour truly high, that scornes the low:
 For she had oft been present, though vnseene,
 Among the Shepherds daughters on the Greene,

Where cu'ry homebred Swaine desires to proue
 His Oaten Pipe, and Feet before his Loue,
 And crownes the cu'ning, when the daies are long,
 With some plaine Dance, or with a Rurall song.
 Nor were the women nice to hold this sport,
 And please their Louers in a modest sort. (Dance
 There that sweet Nymph had scene this Countrey
 For singing crown'd, whence grew a world of fame
 Among the Sheepecotes, which in her reioyce,
 And know no better pleasure then her voyce.
 The glitt'ring Ladies gather'd in a ring,
 Intreate the silly Shepherdesse to sing:
 She blusht and sung, while they with words of praise,
 Contend her songs about their worth to raise.
 Thus being chear'd with many courteous signes,
 She takes her leaue, for now the Sunne declines,
 And hauing driuen home her flocks againe,
 She meets her Loue, a simple Shepherd Swaine;
 Yet in the Plaines he had a Poets name:
 For he could Roundelays and Carols frame,
 Which, when his Mistresse sung along the Downes,
 Was thought celestiall Musick by the Clownes.
 Of him she begs, that he would raise his mind
 To paint this Lady, whom she found so kind:
 You oft (saith she) haue in our homely Bow'rs
 Discours'd of Demi-gods and greater pow'rs:
 For you with *Hefode* sleeping learnt to know
 The race diuine from heau'n to earth below.

My Deare (said he) the Nymph whom thou hast saene;
Most happy is of all that liue betweene
This Globe and *Cynthia*, and in high estate,
Of wealth and beauty hath an equall mate,
Whose loue hath drawne vncessant teares in floods,
From Nymphs, that haunt the waters and the woods.
Of *Iris* to the ground hath bent her bow
To steale a kisse, and then away to goe:
Yet all in vaine, he no affection knowes
But to this Goddesse, whom at first he chose:
Him she enioyes in mutuall bonds of loue:
Two hearts are taught in one small point to moue.
Her Father high in honour and descent,
Commands the Syluans on the Northside *Trent*.
He at this time for pleasure and retreat,
Comes downe from *Belvoir* his ascending seate,
To which great *Pan* had lately honour done:
For there he lay, so did his hopefull Sonne.
But when this Lord by his accesse desires
To grace our Dales, he to a house retires,
Whose walles are water'd with our siluer Brookes,
And makes the Shepherds proud to view his looks.
There in that blessed house you also saw
His Lady, whose admired vertues draw
All hearts to loue her, and all tongues inuite
To praise that ayre where she vouchsafes her light.
And for thy further ioy thine eyes were blest,
To see another Lady, in whose brest

True Wisedome hath with Bounty equall place,
As Modesty with Beauty in her face.
She found me singing *Floraes* natiue dowres,
And made me sing before the heau'nly pow'rs:
For which great fauour, till my voice be done,
I sing of her, and her thrice-noble sonne.



*On the Anninuersary day of his Maiesties reigne o-
uer England, March the 24. written at the
beginning of his twentieth
yeere.*

THe world to morrow celebrates with mirth
The ioyfull peace betweene the heau'n & earth :
To day let *Britaine* praise that rising light,
Whose titles her diuided parts vnite.
The time since safety triumph'd ouer feare,
Is now extended to the twentieth yeere.
Thou happy yeere with perfect number blest,
O slide as smooth and gentle as the rest :
That when the Sunne dispersing from his head,
The clouds of Winter on his beauty spred,
Shall see his Equinoctiall point againe,
And melt his dusky maske to fruitfull raine,
He may be loth our Climate to forsake,
And thence a patterne of such glory take,
That he would leaue the Zodiake, and desire
To dwell for euer with our Northerne fire.



*A thanksgiving for the deliuerance of our Sou-
raigne, King Iames, from a dangerous acci-
dent, Ianuary 8.*

O Gracious Maker, on whose smiles or frownes
Depends the Fate of Scepters and of Crownes:
Whose hand not onely holds the hearts of Kings,
But all their steps are shadow'd with thy wings.
To thee immortall thanks three Sisters giue,
For sauing him, by whose deare life they liue.
First, *England* crown'd with Roses of the Spring,
An off'ring like to *Abels* gift will bring:
And vows that she for thee alone will keepe
Her fattest Lambes, and Fleeces of her sheepe.
Next, *Scotland* triumphs, that she bore and bred
This Iles delight, and wearing on her head
A wreath of Lillies gather'd in the field,
Presents the Min'rals which her mountaines yeeld.
Last, *Ireland* like *Terpsichore* attir'd
With neuer-fading Lawrell, and inspir'd
By true *Apollo's* heat, a *Pæan* sings,
And kindles zealous flames with siluer strings.
This day a sacrifice of praise requires,
Our breasts are Altars, and our ioyes are fires.

That

That sacred Head, so oft, so strangely blest
From bloody plots, was now (O feare!) deprest
Beneath the water, and those Sunlike beames
Were threat'ned to be quencht in narrow streames.
Ah! who dare thinke, or can indure to heare
Of those sad dangers, which then seem'd so neare?
VVhat *Pan* would haue preferu'd our flocks increase
From VVolues? VVhat *Hermes* could with words of
Cause whetted swords to fall frō angry hands, (peace,
And shine the Starre of calmes in Christian Lands?
But Thou, whose Eye to hidden depths extends,
To shew that he was made for glorious ends,
Hast rays'd him by thine All-commanding arme,
Not onely safe from death, but free from harme.



*To his late Maiesly, concerning the
true forme of English
Poetry.*

GREAT King, the Sou'raigne Ruler of this Land,
By whose graue care, our hopes securely stand:
Since you descending from that spacious reach,
Vouchsafe to be our Master, and to teach
Your English Poets to direct their lines,
To mixe their colours, and expresse their signes.
Forgiue my boldnesse, that I here present
The life of Muses yeelding true content
In ponder'd numbers, which with ease I try'd,
When your iudicious rules haue been my guide.

He makes sweet Musick, who in serious lines,
Light dancing tunes, and heauy prose declines:
When verses like a milky torrent flow,
They equall temper in the Poet show.
He paints true formes, who with a modest heart,
Giues lustre to his worke, yet couers Art.
Vneuen swelling is no way to fauour,
But solid ioyning of the perfect frame:
So that no curious finger there can find
The former chinkes, or nailes that fastly bind.

Yet most would haue the knots of stiches scene,
 And holes where men may thrust their hands between.
 On halting feet the ragged Poem goes
 With Accents, neither fitting Verse nor Prose:
 The stile mine care with more contentment fills
 In Lawyers pleadings, or Phisicians bills.
 For though in termes of Art their skill they close,
 And ioy in darksome words as well as those:
 They yet haue perfect sense more pure and cleare
 Then enuious Muses, which sad Garlands weare
 Of dusky clouds, their strange conceits to hide
 From humane eyes: and (lest they should be spi'd
 By some sharpe *Oedipus*) the English Tongue
 For this their poore ambition suffers wrong.
 In eu'ry Language now in Europe spoke
 By Nations which the Roman Empire broke,
 The relish of the Muse consists in rime,
 One verse must meete another like a chime.
 Our Saxon shortnesse hath peculiar grace
 In choise of words, fit for the ending place,
 Which leaue impression in the mind as well
 As closing sounds, of some delightfull bell:
 These must not be with disproportion lame,
 Nor should an Eccho still repeate the same.
 In many changes these may be exprest:
 But those that ioyne most simply, run the best:
 Their forme surpassing farre the fetter'd stauces,
 Vaine care, and needlesse repetition saues.

These

110 *To his late Maiessty concerning, &c.*

These outward ashes keepe those inward fires,
Whose heate the Greeke and Roman works inspires:
Pure phrased, fit Epithets, a sober care
Of Metaphors, descriptions cleare, yet rare,
Similitudes contracted smooth and round,
Not vext by learning, but with Nature crown'd.
Strong figures drawne from deepe inuentions springs,
Consisting lesse in words, and more in things:
A language not affecting ancient times,
Nor Latine shreds, by which the Pedant climes:
A noble subiect which the mind may lift
To easie vse of that peculiar gift,
Which Poets in their raptures hold most deare,
VVhen actions by the liuely sound appeare.
Giue me such helps, I neuer will despaire,
But that our heads which sucke the freezing aire,
As well as hotter braines, may verse adorne,
And be their wonder, as we were their scorne.

To the glorious memory of our late Soueraigne
Lord, King Iames.

(may flow
VVeepe, O ye Nymphes: that from your caues
Those trickling drops, whence mighty riuers
Disclose your hidden store: let eu'ry Spring (flow.
To this our Sea of griefe some tribute bring:
And when ye once haue wept your Fountaines dry,
The heau'n with showres will send a new supply.
But if these cloudy treasures prooue too scant,
Our teares shall helpe, when other moystures want.
This Ile, nay *Europe*, nay the World bewailes
Our losse, with such a Streame as neuer failes.
Abundant floods from eu'ry letter rise,
When we pronounce great *Iames*, our Soueraigne dies.
And while I write these words, I trembling stand,
A sudden darkenesse hath possesst the Land.
I cannot now expresse my selfe by signes:
All eyes are blinded, none can reade my lines;
Till *Charles* ascending, driues away the night,
And in his splendour giues my Verses light.
Thus by the beames of his succeeding flame,
I shall describe his Fathers boundlesse Fame.

The

The Grecian Emp'rours gloried to be borne,
 And nurs't in Purple, by their Parents worne.
 See here a King, whose birth together twines
 The *Britan, English, Norman, Scottish* lines:
 How like a Princely Throne his Cradle stands;
 White Diadems become his swathing bands.
 His glory now makes all the Earth his Tombe,
 But enuious Fiends would in his Mothers wombe
 Interre his rising greatnesse, and contend
 Against the Babe, whom heau'nly troopes defend,
 And giue such vigour in his childhoods-state,
 That he can strangle Snakes, which swell with hate.
 This conquest his vndaunted brest declares
 In Seas of danger, in a world of cares:
 Yet neither cares oppresse his constant mind,
 Nor dangers drowne his life for age design'd.
 The Muses leaue their sweet Castalian Springs
 In forme of Bees, extending silken wings
 With gentle sounds, to keepe this Infant still,
 While they his mouth with pleasing hony fill.
 Hence those large Streames of Eloquence proceed,
 Which in the hearers strange amazement breed;
 When laying by his Scepters and his Swords,
 He melts their hearts with his mellifluous words.
 So *Hercules* in ancient pictures fain'd,
 Could draw whole Nations to his tongue enchain'd.
 He first considers in his tender age,
 How God hath rays'd him on this earthly Stage,

To act a part, expos'd to eu'ry eye :
With *Salomon* he therefore strives to flie
To him that gaue this Greatnesse, and demands
The precious gift of Wisdome from his hands :
While God delighted with this iust request,
Not onely him, with wondrous Prudence blest,
But promis'd higher glories, new encrease
Of Kingdomes circled with a Ring of Peace.
He thus instructed by diuine commands,
Extends this peacefull line to other Lands.
When warres are threaten'd by shrill Trumpets sounds,
His Oliue stancheth bloud, and binds vp wounds.
The Christian World this good from him deriues,
That thousands had vntimely spent their liues,
If not preferu'd by lustre of his Crowne :
Which calm'd the stormes, & layd the billowes down :
And dimin'd the glory of that Roman wreath
By souldiers gain'd for sauing men from death.
This *Denmarke* felt, and *Swethland*, when their strife
Ascended to such height, that losse of life
Was counted nothing : for the dayly sight
Of dying men made Death no more then night,
Behold, two potent Princes deepe engag'd
In seu'ral int'rests, mutually enrag'd
By former conflicts : yet they downe will lay
Their swords, when his aduice directs the way.
The Northerne Climates from dissention barr'd,
Receiue new ioyes by his discrete award.

I

VWhen

114 *To the glorious memory of, &c.*

When *Momus* could among the Godlike-Kings,
 Infect with poyson those immortall Springs
 Which flow with Nectar; and such gall would cast,
 As spoyles the sweetnesse of Ambrosiaes taste;
 This mighty Lord, as Ruler of the Quire,
 With peacefull counsels quencht the rising fire.
 The *Austrian* Arch-duke, and *Batavian* State,
 By his endeouours, change their long-bred hate
 For twelue yeeres truce: this rest to him they owe
 As *Belgian* Shepherds, and poore Ploughmen know.
 The *Musconites* opprest with neighbours, flie
 To safe protection of his watchfull eye.
 And *Germany* his ready succours tries,
 When sad contentions in the Empire rise.
 His mild instinct all Christians thus discern: :
 But Christs malignant foes shall find him sterne.
 What care, what charge he suffers to preuent,
 Left Infidels their number should augment,
 His ships restraine the Pirates bloody workes;
 And *Poland* gaines his ayde against the *Turkes*.
 His pow'rfull Edicts stretcht beyond the Line,
 Among the *Indians* seu'rall bounds designe;
 By which his subiects may exalt his Throne,
 And strangers keepe themselves within their owne.
 This Ile was made the Sunnes ecliptick way;
 For here our *Phabus* still vouchsaf'd to stay:
 And from this blessed place of his retreat,
 In different Zones distinguisht cold and heate,

Sent light or darknesse, and by his Commands
 Appointed limits to the Seas and Lands,
 Who would imagine, that a Prince employ'd
 In such affaires, could euer haue enioy'd
 Those houres, which drawne from pleasure, and from
 To purchase precious knowledge were addrest? (rest,
 And yet in learning he was knowne t' exceed
 Most, whom our houses of the Muses breed.
 Ye English Sisters, Nurses of the Arts,
 Vnpartiall Iudges of his better parts;
 Raile vp your wings, and to the world declare
 His solid Iudgement, his Inuention rare,
 His ready Elocution, which ye found
 In deepest matters, that your Schooles propound.
 It is sufficient for my creeping Verse,
 His care of English Language to rehearse.
 He leades the lawlesse Poets of our times,
 To smother cadence, to exacter Rimes:
 He knew it was the proper worke of Kings,
 To keepe proportion, eu'n in smallest things.
 He with no higher titles can be styl'd,
 When Seruants name him lib'rall, Subiects, Mild.
 Of *Antonines* faire time the *Romans* tell,
 No bubbles of ambition then could swell
 To forraine warres; nor ease bred ciuill strife:
 Nor any of the Senate lost his life.
 Our King preferues for two and twenty yeeres,
 This Realme from inward and from outward feares.

116 *To the glorious memory of, &c.*

All English Peeres escape the deadly stroke,
Though some with crimes his anger durst prouoke.
He was seuerer in wrongs, which others felt;
But in his owne, his heart would quickly melt.
For then (like God, from whom his glories flow)
He makes his Mercy swift, his Iustice slow.
He neuer would our gen'ral ioy forget,
VVhen on his sacred brow the Crowne was set;
And therefore strives to make his Kingdome great,
By fixing here his Heires perpetuall Seate:
VVhich eu'ry firme and loyall heart desires,
May last as long as heau'n hath starry fires.
Continued blisse from him this Land receiues,
VVhen leauing vs, to vs his Sonne he leaues,
Our hope, our ioy, our treasure: *Charles* our King,
VVhose entrance in my next attempt I sing.



*A Panegyrick at the Coronation of our Soue-
raigne Lord King Charles.*

A *Urora* come : why should thine enuious stay
Deferre the ioyes of this expected day ?
V Will not thy master let his horses runne,
Because he feares to meete another Sunne ?
Or hath our Northerne Starre so dimm'd thine eyes,
Thou knowst not where (at East or VVest) to rise ?
Make haste, for if thou shalt denie thy light;
His glitt'ring Crowne will driue away the night.
Debarre not curious *Phæbus*, who desires
To guild all glorious obiects with his fires.
And could his beames lay open peoples harts,
As well as he can view their outward parts ;
He heere should find a triumph, such as he
Hath neuer scene, perhaps shall neuer see.

Shine forth, great *Charles*, accept our loyall words,
Throw fró your pleasing eies those conqu'ring swords,
That when vpon your Name our voyces call,
The Birds may feele our thund'ring noise, and fall :
Soft Ayre rebounding in a circled ring,
Shall to the Gates of Heau'n our wishes bring :

118 *A Panegyrick at the Coronation, &c.*

For vowes, which with so strong affection flie
 From many lips, will doubtlesse pierce the skie :
 And God (who knowes the secrets of our minds,
 When in our breasts he these two vertues finds,
 Sincerity and Concord, ioynd in pray'r
 For him, whom Nature made vndoubted Heyre
 Of three faire Kingdoms) will his Angels send
 With blessings from his Throne this pompe t'attend
 Faire City, Englands Gemme, the Queene of Trade,
 By sad infection lately desart made :
 Cast off thy mourning robes, forget thy teares,
 Thy cleare and healthfull *iupiter* appears :
 Pale Death, who had thy silent streets possesst,
 And some foule dampe, or angry Planet prest
 To work his rage, now from th' Almightyes will
 Receiues command to hold his Iauelin still.
 But since my Muse pretends to tune a song
 Fit for this day, and fit t'inspire this throng;
 Whence shall I kindle such immortall fires?
 From Ioyes or Hopes, from Prayles or Desires?
 To prayse him, would require an endlesse wheele;
 Yet nothing told but what we see and feele.
 A thousand tongues for him all gifts intreate
 In which Felicity may claime her seate :
 Large Honour, happy Conquest, boundlesse Wealth,
 Long Life, sweete Children, vnafflicted Health :
 But chiefly, we esteeme that precious thing
 (Of which already we behold the Spring)

Directing

Directing Wisdome; and we now presage
How high that vertue will ascend in age.
In him, our certaine confidence vnites
All former worthy Princes spreading lights;
And addes his glorious Father to the summe:
From ancient times no greater Name can come.
Our hopefull King thus to his Subiects shines,
And reades in faithfull hearts these zealous lines;
This is our Countries Father, this is Hee
In whome we liue, and could not liue so free,
Were we not vnder him; his watchfull care
Preuents our dangers: how shall we declare
Our thankfull minds, but by the humble gift
Of firme obedience, which to him we list?
As he is Gods true Image choicely wrought,
And for our ioy to these Dominions brought:
So must we imitate celestiaall bands,
Which grudge not to performe diuine commands.
His brest transparent like a liquid flood,
Discouers his aduice for publike good:
But if we iudge it by deceiuing fame,
Like *Semele*, we thinke *Ioues* piercing flame
No more, then common fire in ashes nurst,
Till formelesse fancies in their errors burst.
Shall we discusse his counsels? We are blest
Who know our blisse, and in his iudgement rest.



Of the Princes iourney.

THe happy ship that carries from the Land
 Great *Britaines* ioy, before she knowes her losse,
 Is rul'd by him, who can the waues command.
 No enuious stormes a quiet passage crosse:
 See how the water smiles, the winde breathes faire,
 The cloudes restraine their frownes, their sighes, their
 As if the Musicke of the whisp'ring ayre (teares,
 Should tell the Sea what precious weight it beares.
 A thousand vowes and wishes driue the sayles
VWith gales of safety to the *Neustrian* shore.
 The Ocean trusted with this pledge, bewailes
 That it such wealth must to the Earth restore:
 Then *France* receiuing with a deare imbrace
 This Northerne Starre, though clouded and disguis'd,
 Beholds some hidden vertue in his face,
 And knowes he is a Jewell highly priz'd.
 Yet there no pleasing sights can make him stay;
 For like a Riuer sliding to the Maine,
 He hastes to find the period of his way,
 And drawne by loue, drawes all our hearts to *Spaines*

Of the Princes departure and returne.

(light,
When *Charles* from vs withdrawes his glorious
 The Sunne desires his absence to supply :
 And that we may nothing in darknesse lie,
 He strivesto free the North from dreadfull night.
 Yet we to *Phæbus* scarce erect our sight,
 But all our lookes, our thoughts to *Charles* apply,
 And in the best delights of life we die,
 Till he returne, and make this Climate bright.
 Now he ascends and giues *Apollo* leaue
 To driue his Horses to the lower part,
 VVe by his presence like content receiue,
 As when fresh spirits aide the fainting heart.
 Rest here (great *Charles*) and shine to vs alone,
 For other Starres are common; *Charles* our owne.

of



Of the Princes most happy returne.

(heate
O Vr Charles, whose Horses neuer quench't their
 In cooling waues of *Neptunes* watry seate :
 Whose starry Chariot in the spangled night,
 Was still the pleasing object of our sight :
 This glory of the North hath lately runne
 A courſe as round, and certaine as the Sunne :
 He to the South inclining halfe the yeere,
 Now at our Tropike will againe appeare.
 He made his ſetting in the Weſterne ſtreames,
 Where weary *Phæbus* dips his fading beames :
 But in this morning our erected eyes
 Become ſo happy as to ſee him riſe.
 VVe ſhall not euer in the ſhadow ſtay,
 His abſence was to bring a longer day ;
 That hauing felt how darkneſſe can affright,
 VVe may with more content embrace the light,
 And call to mind, how eu'ry ſoule with paine
 Sent forth her throwes to fetch him home againe :
 For want of him we wicher'd in the Spring,
 But his returne ſhall life in VVinter bring :
 The Plants, which, whē he went, were growing green,
 Retaine their former Liu'ries to be ſcene,

VVhen

When he reuiwes them: his expected eye
Preferu'd their beauty, ready oft to die.
What tongue? what hand can to the life display
The glorious ioy of this triumphant day?
When *England* crown'd with many thousand fires,
Receiues the scope of all her best desires.
She at his sight, as with an Earthquake swells,
And strikes the Heau'n with sound of trembling bells.
The vocall Goddesse leauing desert woods,
Slides downe the vales, and dancing on the floods,
Oserues our words, and with repeating noise
Contentds to double our abundant ioyes.
The VVorlds cleare eye is iecalous of his name,
He sees this Ile like one continuall flame,
And feares lest Earth a brighter Starre should breed,
VVhich might vpon his meate the vapours feed.
VVe maruell not, that in his Fathers Land
So many signes of loue and seruice stand:
Behold how *Spaine* retaines in eu'ry place
Some bright reflection of his chearefull face;
Madrid, where first his splendor he displayes,
And driues away the Clouds that dimm'd his rayes,
Her ioyes into a world of formes doth bring,
Yet none contents her, while that potent King,
VVho rules so farre, till now could neuer find
His Realmes and wealth too little for his mind.
No words of welcome can such Planets greete,
VVhere in one house they by coniunction meete.

Their

Their sacred concord runnes through many Signes,
And to the Zodiakes better portion shines :
But in the Virgin they are seene most farre,
And in the Lyonsheart the Kingly Starre.
Whentoward vs our Prince his iourney moues,
And feeles attraction of his seruants loues,
When (hauing open breiſts of ſtrangers knowne)
He haſtes to gather tribute of his owne,
The ioyfull neighbours all his paſſage fill
With noble Trophees of his might and ſkill,
In conqu'ring mens affections with his darts,
Which deeply fixt in many rauisht hearts,
Are like the ſtarry chaines, whose blazes play
In knots of light along the milkey way.
He heares the newes of his approaching Fleet,
And will his Nauy ſee, his Seruants greet ;
Thence to the Land returning in his Barge,
The waues leape high, as proud of ſuch a Charge;
The night makes ſpeed to ſee him, and preuents
The ſlouthfull twilight, caſting duſkie tents
On roſing Streames, which might all men diſmay,
But him, to whoſe cleare ſoule the night is day.
The preſſing windes with their officious ſtriſe,
Had cauſ'd a tumult dang'rous to his life.
But their Commander checks them, and reſtraines
Their haſty ſeruour in accuſtom'd chaines :
This perill (which with feare our words decline)
Was then permitted by the hand Diuine,

That good euent might prooue his person deare
 To heau'n, and needfull to the people here.
 When he resolues to crosse the watry maine,
 See what a change his absence makes in *Spain*!
 The Earth turnes gray for griefe that she conceiues,
 Birds lose their tongues, and trees forsake their leaues.
 Now floods of teares expresse a sad farwell,
 Ambitious sayles as with his greatnesse swell,
 To him old *Nereus* on his Dolphin rides,
 Presenting bridles to direct the Tides,
 He calles his daughters from their secret caues,
 (Their snowy necks are scene about the waues)
 And saith to them: Behold the onely Sonne
 Of that great Lord, about whose Kingdomes run
 Our liquid currents, which are made his owne,
 And with moyst Bulwarks guard his sacred Throne:
 See how his lookes delight, his gestures moue
 Admire and praise, yet flye from snares of loue:
 Not *Thetes* with her beauty and her dowre,
 Can draw this *Peleus* to her watry bowre,
 He loues a Nymph of high and heau'nly race,
 The eu'ning Sunne doth homage to her face.
Hesperian Orchards yeeld her golden fruit,
 He tooke this iourney in that sweet pursuit.
 VVhen thus their Father ends, the Nereids throw
 Their Garlands on this glorious Prince, and strow
 His way with Songs, in which the hopes appeare
 Of ioyes too great for humane cares to heare.

Vpon



*Vpon the anniuersary day of the Princes returne
October the fifth.*

VE now admire their doctrine, who maintain
The Worlds creation vnder Autumnes reigne
VVhen trees abound in fruit, Grapes swell with iuice,
These meates are ready for the creatures vse :
Old Time resolues to make a new suruay
Of yeeres and ages from this happy day,
Refusing those accounts which others bring,
He crownes *October*, as of moneths the King.
No more shall hoary *VVinter* claime the place,
And draw cold proofes from *Ianus* double face;
Nor shall the *Ram*, when Spring the earth adorne,
Vnlocke the gate of heau'n with golden hornes :
Dry Summer shall not of the Dog-starre boast
(Of angry constellations honour'd most,)
From whose strong heate Egyptians still begun,
To marke the turning circle of the Sunne.
Versumans, who hath Lordly power to change
The Seasons, and can them in order range,
Will from this Period fresh beginning take,
Yet not so much for his *Pomonaes* sake,

Who

Who then is richly drest to please her Spouse,
And with her Orchards treasure deckes her browes.
This is our CHARLES, whose euer loued name,
Hath made this point of heau'n increase in fame :
Whose long-thought absence was so much deplor'd,
In whom our hopes and all our fruits are stor'd.
He now attaines the shore (O blessed day)
And true *Achates* waites along his way,
Our wise *Anchises* for his sonne provides
This chosen seruant, as the best of guides.
A Princes glory cannot more depend
Vpon his Crowne, then on a faithfull friend.



*To the most illustrious Prince Charles, of the
excellent vse of Poems.*

Diuine example of obedient heires,
High in my hopes, and second in my prayers:
True Image of your Father to the life,
VVhom Time desir'd, and Fates in iealous strife,
VVith chearefull voices taught their wheelles to runne,
That such a Father might haue such a Sonne;
Since God exalts you on this earthly Stage,
And giues you wisdome farre aboue your age,
To iudge of men, and of their actiue pow'rs:
Let me lay downe the fruits of priuate houres
Before your feet, you neuer will refuse
This gift, which beares the title of a Muse.

Among your serious thoughts, with noble care
You cherish Poets, knowing that they are
The Starres which light to famous actions giue,
By whom the mem'ries of good Princes liue:
You are their Prince in a peculiar kind,
Because your Father hath their Art refin'd.
And though these Priests of greatnesse quiet sit
Amid'st the silent children of their wit,

VVith-

Without accessse of sutours, or dispatch
 Of high affaires, at which th'ambitious catch;
 They are not idle, when their sight they rayse
 Beyond the present time to future daies;
 And brauc examples, sage instructions bring
 In pleasing verses, which our sonnes may sing.
 They oft erect their flight about the Land,
 When graue *Urania* ioyning hand in hand
 With soft *Thalia*, mix their diff'rent strings,
 And by their musick make celestiall things;
 More fit for humane eares, whose winding rounds
 Are easly fill'd with well digested sounds.
 Pale Enuy and dull Ignorance reprove
 This exercise, as onely apt for loue,
 Deuis'd t'allure the sense with curious Art;
 But not t'enrich the vnderstanding part.
 So might they say, The Sunne was onely fram'd
 To please the eye, and onely therefore nam'd
 The Eye of Heau'n, conceiuing not his wheele
 Of liuely heate, which lower bodies feeble.
 Our Muses strue, that Common-wealths may be
 As well from barb'rous deedes, as Language free:
 The seu'rall sounds in harmony combin'd,
 Knit chaines of vertue in the hearers mind:
 And that he still may haue his teacher by
 With measur'd lines, we please his curious eye.
 We hold those works of Art, or Nature best,
 Where Orders steps most fully are exprest

K

And

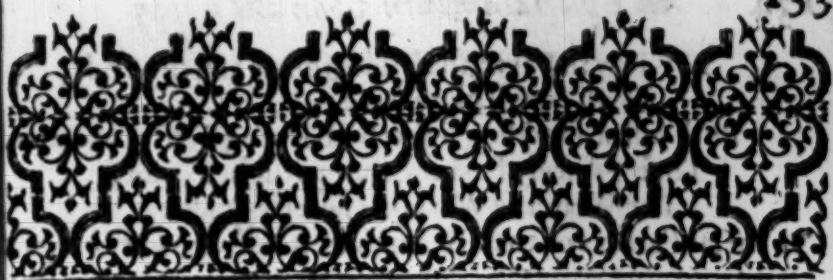
And therefore all those ciuill men that liue
By Law and rule, will to our numbers giue
The name of good, in which perfection rests;
And feele their strokes with sympathizing breasts.
Not Oratours so much with flowing words,
Can sway the hearts of men, and whet their swords:
Or blunt them at their pleasure, as our straines,
(Whose larger Spheare the Orbe of prose containes)
Can mens affections lessen or increase,
And guide their passions whisp'ring warre or peace?
Tyrreus by the vigour of his verse,
Made *Sparta* conquer, while his lines reherse
Her former glory, almost then subdude
By stronger foes, and when the people rude
Contend among themselues with mutuall wrongs,
He tempers discord with his milder songs:
This poore lame *Poet* hath an equall praise
With Captaines, and with States men of his dayes:
The Muses claime possession in those men,
Who first aduentur'd with a nimble pen;
To paint their thoughts, in new inuented signes,
And spoke of Natures workes in numbred lines:
This happy Art, compar'd with plainer wayes,
Was sooner borne, and not so soone decays:
She safer stands from times deuouring wrong,
As better season'd to continue long;
But as the streames of time, still forward flow;
So Wits, more idle and distrustfull grow:

They yeeld this Fort, and cowardly pretend
 Prose, is a castle easier to defend;
 Nor was this change effected in a day,
 But with degrees, and by a stealing way,
 They pull the Muses feathers one by one;
 And are not seene, till both the wings be gone.
 If man inioying such a precious Mine,
 Esteem'd his nature almost made Diuine:
 When he beheld th' expression of his thought,
 To such a height, and Godlike glory brought:
 This change may well his fading ioy confound,
 To see it naked, creeping on the ground;
 Yet in the lands that honour'd learnings name,
 Were alwayes some, that kept the veltall flame
 Of pow'rfull Verse, on whose increase or end,
 The periods of the soules chiefe raigne depend.
 Now in this Realme I see the golden age
 Returne to vs, whose comming shall asswage
 Distracting strife, and many hearts inspire,
 To gather fewell for this sacred fire:
 On which, if you, great *Prince*, your eyes will cast;
 And like *Faonius*, giue a gentle blast:
 The liuely flame shall neuer yeeld to death,
 But gaine immortall spirit by your breath.



To the Prince.

IF eu'ry man a little world we name ?
 You are a World most like the greatest frame :
 Your loue of Learning spreads your glory farre,
 Lifts you to heau'n, and makes you there a Starre.
 In actiue sports, and formes of martiall deeds,
 Like Fire and Ayre your nimble courage breeds
 A rare amazement, and a sweet delight
 To Brittaines, who behold so deare a sight :
 Though higher Orbes such glorious signes containe,
 Doe not (braue Prince) this lower Globe disdain.
 In pure and fruitfull water we may see
 Your minde from darkenesse cleare, in bounty free :
 And in the steddy resting of the ground,
 Your noble firmnesse to your friend is found :
 For you are still the same, and where you loue,
 No absence can your constant mind remoue.
 So goodnesse spreads it selfe with endlesse lines,
 And so the Light in distant places shines :
 He that aduentures of your worth to sing,
 Attempts in vaine, to paint a boundlesse thing.



*An Epithalamium upon the happy marriage of
our Soueraigne Lord King Charles, and
our gracious Lady Queene
MARY.*

THe Ocean long contended (but in vaine)
To part our shore from *France*.
Let *Neptune* shake his mace, & swelling waues aduance:
The former Vnion now retournes againe,
This Isle shall once more kisse the Maine
Ioynd with a flowry bridge of loue, on which the Graces dance.

Leander here no dang'rous iourney takes,
To touch his *Hera's* hand:
Our *Hellepont* with Ships becomes as firme as Land,
When this sweete Nymph her place of birth forsakes,
And *England* signes of welcome makes
As many, as our gladsome coasts haue little graines of sand.

That voyce, in which the Continent was blest,
Now to this Island calls
The liuing Woods, and Rocks to frame new rising Walls:
The moouing Hills salute this happy guest,
The Riuer to her seruice prest,
Seine into *Thames*, *Garonne* to *Trent*, and *Loire* to *Seuerne* falls.
This

134 *An Epithalamium upon the happy*

This Royall Payre, the Bridegroome and the Bride,
 With equall glory shine:
 Both full of sparkling light, both sprung from race diuine
 Their Princely Fathers, Europs highest pride,
 The Westerne World did sweetly guide:
 To the, as Fathers of their Realmes we goldē Crownes assigne

Great *Henry* neuer vanquish't in the field,
 Rebellious foes could tame.
 The Wisdome of our *James* bred terror in his Name:
 So that his proudest Aduersaries yeeld,
 Glad to be guarded with his shield, (flam
 Where Peace with drops of heau'nly dew suppress't Dissention

Our *Charles* and *Mary* now their course prepare,
 Like those two greater Lights,
 Which God in midst of Heau'n exalted to our sights,
 To guide our footsteps with perpetuall care,
 Times happy changes to declare:
 The one affords vs healthfull daies, the other quiet nights.

See how the Planets, and each lesser fire
 Along the Zodiacke glide,
 And in this stately traine their offices diuide!
 No Starre remains exempted from this Quire,
 But all are ioynd in one desire, (ab
 To moue as these their wheelles shall turne, and rest where the

What can these shouts and glit'ring shewes portend,
 But neuer fading ioyes?
 The Lords in rich attire, the people with their noyse,
 Expresse to what a height their hopes ascend,
 Which like a Circle haue no end: (strop
 Their strength no furious tempests shake, nor creeping age de

On this foundation we expect to build

The Towres of earthly blisse.

Mirth shall attend on Health, and Peace shall plenty kisse:

The Trees with fruite, with Flowres our Gardens fill'd,

Sweete honey from the leaues distill'd,

For now *Astræa* raigne appeares to be a Tipe of this.

O may our Children with their rauish't eyes

A race of Sonnes behold,

Whose birth shal change our Ir'n to Siluer, Brasse to Gold.

Procede white houres, that from this stocke may rise

Victorious Kings, whom Fame shall prize

More dearely, then all other names within her Booke enroll'd.



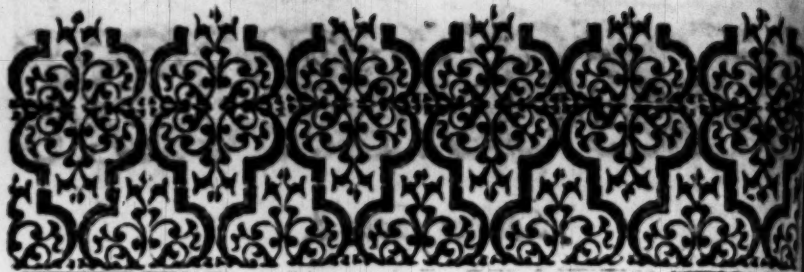
*At the end of his Maiesties first yeere.
Sonnet first.*

YOur Royall Father *James*, the Good and Great,
Proclaim'd in March, whē first we felt the Spring
A World of blisse did to our Iland bring :
And at his Death he made his yeeres compleate,
Although three dayes he longer held his seate,
Then from that houre when he reioyc'd to sing,
Great *Brittaine* torne before, enioyes a King :
Who can the periods of the Starres repeate ?
The Sunne, who in his annuall circle takes
A dayes full quadrant from th' ensuing yeere,
Repayes it in foure yeeres, and equall makes
The number of the dayes within his Spheare:
James was our earthly Sunne, who call'd to Heau'n,
Leaues you his Heire, to make all fractions eu'n.

Sonne

Sonnet second.

A Bout the time when dayes are longer made,
 When nights are warmer, & the aire more cleare,
 When verdant leaues and fragrant flowres appeare;
 Whose beaury winter had constraind to fade.
 About the time, when *Gabriels* words perswade
 The blessed Virgin to incline her care,
 And to conceyue that Sonne, whom she shall beare;
 Whose death and rising driue away the shade.
 About this time, so oft, so highly blest
 By precious gifts of Nature and of Grace,
 First glorious *James*, the English Crowne possesse:
 Then gracious *Charles* succeeded in his place.
 For him his subiects wish with hearty words,
 Both what this world, and what the next affords.



*An Epithalamium to my Lord Marquesse
of Buckingham, and to his faire and
vertuous Lady.*

SEuere and serious Muse
Whose quill, the name of loue declines,
Be not too nice, nor this deare worke refuse:
Here *Venus* stirs no flame, nor *Cupid* guides thy lines,
But modest *Hymen* shakes his Torch, and chaste *Lucina* shines,
The Bridegroomes starres arise,
Maydes, turne your sight, your faces hide:
Lest ye be shipwrack't in those sparkling eyes,
Fit to be scene by none, but by his louely bride:
If him *Narcissus* should behold, he would forget his pride.
And thou faire Nymph appeare
With blushes, like the purple morne;
If now thine eares will be content to heare
The title of a Wife, we shortly will adorne
Thee with a ioyfull Mothers name, when some sweet Child
We wish a Sonne, whose smile, (borne
Whose beauty may proclaime him thine,
Who may be worthy of his Fathers stile,
May answer to our hopes, and strictly may combine
The happy height of *Villiers* race, with noble *Rutlands* line.

Let both their heads be crown'd
With choysest flowers, which shall preface
That Loue shall flourish, and delights abound,
Time, adde thou many dayes, nay ages to their age;
Yet neuer must thy freezing arme, their holy fires allwage.
Now when they ioyne their hands,
Behold, how faire that knot appeares.
O may the firmenesse of these Nuptiall bands
Resemble that bright line, the measure of the yeeres.
Which makes a league betwene the poles, and ioynes the He-
mispheres.



*Of his Maesties vow for the felicity of my
Lord Marquesse of Buckingham.*

SEe what a full and certaine blessing flowes
From him, that vnder God the Earth commands:
For Kings are Types of God, and by their hands
A world of gifts and honours he bestowes:
The hopeful tree thus blest securely growes,
Amidst the waters in a firtile ground;
And shall with leaues, & flowres, & fruites be crown'd,
Abundant dew on it the Planter throwes.
You are this Plant, my Lord, and must dispose
Your noble soule, those blossomes to receiue;
Which euer to the roote of Vertue cleaue,
As our *Apollo* by his skill foreshowes:
Our *Salomon*, in wisdom, and in peace,
Is now the Prophet of your faire increase.

*My Lord of Buckingham's welcome to the
King at Burley.*

Sir, you haue euer shin'd vpon me bright,
 But now, you strike and dazle me with light:
 You Englands radiant Sunne, vouchsafe to grace
 My house, a Spheare too little and too base,
 My Burley as a Cabinet contains
 The gemme of Europe, which from golden veines
 Of glorious Princes, to this height is growne,
 And ioynes their precious vertues all in one:
 When I your praise would to the world professe;
 My thoughts with zeale, and earnest seruour presse
 Which should be first, and their officious strife
 Restraines my hand from painting you to life.
 I write, and hauing written I destroy,
 Because my lines haue bounds, but not my ioy.



*A Congratulation to my Lord Marquesse
of Buckingham, at the Birth of his
Daughter.*

MY lines describ'd your marriage as the Spring,
Now like the Reapers, of your fruite I sing
And shew the Haruest of your constant loue,
In this sweete Armesfull which your ioy shall proue:
Her Sex is signe of plenty, and fore-runnes
The pleasing hope of many noble Sonnes:
Who farre abroad their branches shall extend,
And spread their race, till time receiue an end.
Be euer blest, (faire Childe) that hast begunne
So white a threed, by hands of *Angels* spunne:
Thou art the first, and wilt the rest beguile;
For thou shalt rauish with a chearefull smile
Thy Parents hearts, not wonted to such blisse:
And steale the first fruites of a tender kisse.



*Of true Greatnesse: to my Lord Marquesse
of Buckingham.*

SIr, you are truly great, and euery eye
 Not dimme with enuy, ioyes to see you high:
 But chiefly mine, which buried in the night,
 Are by your beames rais'd and restor'd to light.
 You, onely you haue pow'r to make me dwell
 In sight of men, drawne from my silent Cell:
 Where oft in vaine my pen would haue exprest
 Those precious gifts, in which your minde is blest.
 But you, as much too modest are to reade
 Your prayse, as I too weake your fame to spreade.
 All curious formes, all pictures will disgrace
 Your worth, which must be studied in your face,
 The liuely table, where your vertue shines
 More clearely, then in strong and waighty lines.
 In vaine I strue to write some noble thing,
 To make you nobler for that prudent King:
 Whose words so oft, you happy are to heare,
 Hath made instruction needlesse to your eare:
 Yet giue me leaue in this my silent song,
 To shew true Greatenesse, while you passe along;
 And

And if you were not humble, in each line
Might owne your selfe, and say, This grace is mine.

They that are great, and worthy to be so,
Hide not their rayes, from meanest plants that grow.
Why is the Sunne set in a Throne so hie,
But to giue light to each inferiour eye?
His radiant beames distribute liuely grace
To all, according to their worth and place;
And from the humble ground those vapours draine,
Which are set downe in fruitefull drops of raine.
As God his greatnesse and his wisdom shewes
In Kings, whose lawes the acts of men dispose;
So Kings among their seruants those select,
VVhole noble vertues may the rest direct:
VVho must remember that their honour tends
Not to vaine pleasure, but to publike ends:
And must not glory in their stile or birth;
The Starres were made for man, the Heau'n for earth
He whose iust deedes his fellow-seruants please,
May serue his Sour'aigne with more ioy and ease,
Obeying with sincere and faithfull loue,
That pow'rfull hand, which giues his wheele to moue
His Spheare is large, who can his duty know
To Princes? and respect to vs below!
His soule is great, when it in bounds confines;
This scale which ray'd so high, so deepe declines:
These are the steps, by which he must aspire
Beyond all things which earthly hearts desire:

And must so farre dilate his noble minde,
Till it in Heau'n eternall honour finde.
The order of the blessed spirits there
Must be his rule, while he inhabits here :
He must conceiue that worldly glories are
Vaine shadowes, Seas of sorrow, Springs of care :
All things which vnder *Cynthia* leade their life,
Are chain'd in darknesse, borne and nurst in strife :
None escapes the force of this destroying flood,
But he that cleaues to God, his constant good :
He is accurst that will delight to dwell
In this blacke prison, this seditious hell :
When with lesse paine he may imbrace the light,
And on his high Creatour fixe his sight,
Whose gracious presence giues him perfect rest,
And buildes a Paradise within his brest :
Where trees of vertues to their height increase,
And beare the flowres of Ioy, the fruites of peace.
No enuie, no reuenge, no rage, no pride,
No lust, nor rapine should his courtes guide;
Though all the world conspire to doe him grace :
Yet he is little, and extremely base :
If in his heart, these vices take their seare ;
(No pow'r can make the slaue of passions great.)

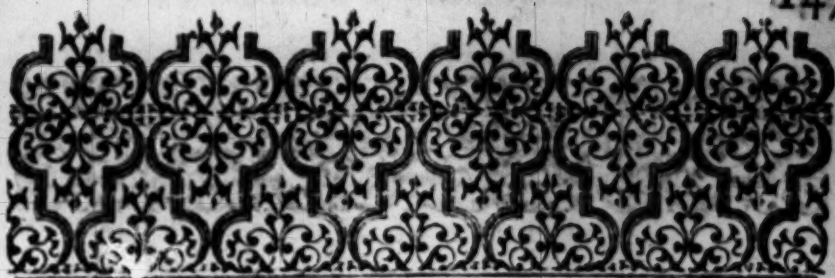
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Vpon



*Vpon my Lord of Buckinghams
Armes.*

BEhold, the Ensignes of a Christian Knight,
 VVhose Field is like his minde, of siluer bright:
 His bloody Crosse supports fīue golden Shels,
 A precious Pearle, in euery Scallop dwels:
 Fīue Vertues grace the middle and the bounds,
 VVhich take their light frō Christs victorious wounds:
 Vpon the Top, commanding Prudence shines,
 Repressing Temp'rance to the foote declines;
 Braue Fortitude and Iustice, are the hands,
 And Charity as in the Center stands:
 VVhich binding all the ends with strong effect
 To euery Vertue, holds the same respect:
 May he that beares this Shield, at last obtaine
 The azure Circle of celestially raigne;
 And hauing past the course of sliding houres,
 Enioy a Crowne of neuer-fading Flow'rs?



*Vpon my Lord of Buckinghams Shield
at a Tilting, his Impresse being a
Bird of Paradise.*

SEe how this Bird erects his constant flight
Aboue the Cloudes, aspiring to the light :
As in a quiet Paradiſe he dwels
In that pure Region, where no winde rebels :
And fearing not the thunder, hath attain'd
The Palace, where the Demigods remaind :
This Bird belongs to you, thrice glorious King ;
From you the beauties of his Feathers ſpring :
No vaine ambition liſts him vp ſo high,
But rais'd by force of your attractiue Eye ;
He feedes vpon your Beames, and takes delight,
Not in his owne Aſcent, but in your ſight.
Let them, whoſe motion to the Earth declines,
Deſcribe your Circle by their baſer lines,
And enuy at the brightneſſe of your ſeate :
He cannot liue diuided from your heate.



*To the Duke of Buckingham at
his returne from
Spaine.*

MY Lord, that you so welcome are to all;
 You haue deseru'd it, neuer could there fall
 A fitter way to prooue you highly lou'd,
 Then when your selfe you from our sights remou'd:
 The clouded lookes of *Brittaine* sad appeare,
 VVith doubtfull care (ah who can bridle feare !)
 For their inestimable gemme perplext;
 The good and gracefull *Buckingham* is next
 In their desires: they to remembrance bring
 How oft, by mediation with the King
 You mitigate the rigour of the lawes,
 And pleade the orphans and the widowes cause.
 My Muse, which tooke from you her life and light
 Sate like a weary wretch, whome suddaine night
 Had ouerspred: your absence casting downe
 The flow'rs, and *Sirens* feathers from her crowne,
 Your fauour first th' anointed head inclines

To heare my rurall songs and reade my lines :
Your voyce, my reede with lofty musick reares
To offer trembling songs to Princely cares.
But since my Sou'raigne leaues in great affaires
His trusty seruant, to his Subiects pray'rs :
I willing spare for such a Noble end
My Patron and (too bold I speake) my friend.



To the Duke of Buckingham.

THe words of Princes iustly we conceiue,
 As Oracles inspir'd by pow'r diuine,
 Which make the vertues of their seruants shine,
 And monuments to future ages leaue.
 The sweet consent of many tongues can weaue
 Such knots of Honour in a flowry line,
 That no iniurious hands can them vntwine,
 Nor enuious blasts of beauty can bereaue.
 These are your helps, my Lord, by these two wings
 You lifted are aboue the force of spite :
 For, while the publike Quire your glory sings,
 The arme that rules them, keepes the Musicke right:
 Your happy name with noble prayse to greet
 Gods double Voyce, the King and Kingdome meet.



*To my gracious Lord, the Duke of Buckingham,
upon the birth of his first Sonne.*

GIue leaue (my Lord) to his abounding heart,
Whose faithfull zeale presumes to beare a part
In eu'ry blessing which vpon you shines,
And to your glory consecrates his lines;
VWhich rising from a plaine and countrey Muse,
Must all my boldnesse with her name excuse.
Shall *Burley* onely triumph in this Child,
VWhich by his birth is truly Happy stil'd?
Nay: we will striue, that Eccho with her notes,
May draw some ioy into our homely Cotes:
VWhile I to solitary hils retire,
VWhere quiet thoughts my Songs with truth inspire,
And teach me to foretell the hopes that flow
From this young Lord, as he in yeeres shall grow.
First, we behold (and neede not to presage)
VWhat pleasing comfort in this tender Age
He giues his Parents, sweetning eu'ry day
VWith deare contentments of his harmelesse play.
They in this glasse their seu'rall beauties place,
And owne themselues in his delightfull face.

But when this flowry bud shall first beginne
 To spread his leaues which were conceal'd within;
 And casting off the dew of childish teares,
 More glorious then the Rose at noone appeares,
 His minde extends it selfe to larger bounds;
 Instinct of gen'rous Nature oft propounds:
 (Great Duke) your actiue graces to his sight,
 As obiects full of wonder and delight:
 These in his thoughts entire possession keep,
 They stop his play, and interrupt his sleepe.
 So doth a carefull Painter fixe his eyes
 Vpon the patterne, which before him lies,
 And neuer from the boord his hand withdrawes,
 Vntill the Type be like th' Exemplar cause.
 To courtly dancing now he shall incline,
 To manage horses, and in Armes to shine.
 Such ornaments of youth are but the seeds'
 Of noble Vertues, and Heroick deeds.
 He will not rest in any outward part,
 But strives t' expresse the riches of your heart
 VVithin a litle modell, and to frame
 True title to succession of your fame:
 In riper yeeres he shall your wisdome learne,
 And your vndaunted courage shall discerne;
 And from your actions, from your words and lookes
 Shall gather rules, which others reade in bookes:
 So in *Achilles* more those lessons wrought,
 Which *Pelens* shew'd, the those which *Chiron* taught



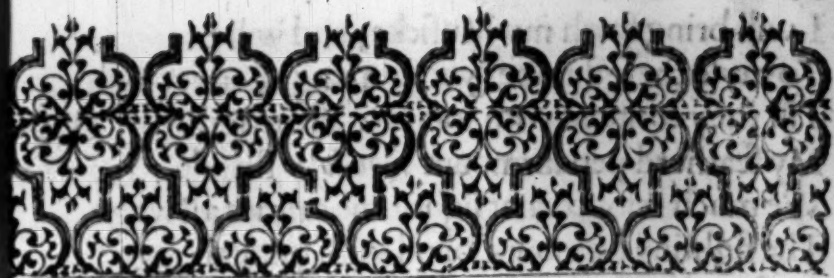
*Vpon the Earle of Couentryes de-
parture from vs to the
Angels.*

Sweet Babe, whose Birth inspir'd me with a Song,
And call'd my Muse to trace thy dayes along;
Attending riper yeeres, with hope to finde
Such braue endeouours of thy noble Minde,
As might deserue triumphant lines, and make
My Fore-head bold a Lawrell Crowne to take:
How hast thou left vs, and this earthly Stage,
(Not acting many Months) in tender age?
Thou cam'st into this world a little Spie,
Where all things that could please the eare and eye,
Were set before thee, but thou found'st them toys,
And flew'st with scornfull smiles t' eternall ioyes:
No visage of grim Death is sent t' affright
Thy spotlesse soule, nor darknesse blinds thy sight;
But lightsome Angels with their golden Wings
Ore-spread thy Cradle, and each spirit brings
Some precious Balme, for heau'nly Physicke meet,
To make the separation soft and sweet.

The

154 *Vpon the Earle of Conentries, &c.*

The sparke infus'd by God departs away,
And bids the earthly weake companion stay
VVith patience in that nurs'ry of the ground,
VVhere first the seeds of *Adams* limbes were found
For time shall come when these diuided friends
Shall ioyne againe, and know no seu'rall ends,
But change this short and momentary kisse,
To strict embraces of Celestiall blisse.



To my Lord Vicount Purbeck : a Congratulation for his health.

IF we inlarge our hearts, extend our voyce,
 To shew with what affection we reioyce,
 VVhen friends or kinsmen wealth and honour gaine,
 Or are return'd to freedom from the chaine :
 How shall your seruants and your friends (my Lord)
 Declare their ioy ? who find no sound, no word
 Sufficient for their thoughts, since you haue got
 That Jewell Health, which Kingdomes equall not,
 From sicknesse freed, a Tyrant farre more fell
 Then Turkish Pirates, who in Gallies dwell.
 The Muses to the friend of Musicke bring
 The signes of gladnesse : *Orpheus* strikes a string
 VVhich can inspire the dull, can cheare the sad,
 And to the dead can liuely motion adde :
 Some play, some sing : while I, whose onely skill,
 Is to direct the organ of my Quill,
 That from my hand it may not runne in vaine,
 But keepe true time with my commanding braine.

I will

156 *To my Lord Vicount Purbeck, &c.*

I will bring forth my Musicke, and will trie
 To rayse these dumbe (yet speaking) Letters high,
 Till they contend with sounds: till arm'd with wing
 My featherd pen surmount *Apollo's* strings.
 We much reioyce that lightsome calmes assuage
 The fighting humours, blind with mutuall rage:
 So sing the Mariners exempt from feare,
 When stormes are past, and hopefull signes appeare
 So chaunts the mounting Larke her gladsome lay,
 When night giues place to the delightfull day.
 In this our mirth, the greatest ioy I finde,
 Is to consider how your noble minde
 Will make true vse of those afflictions past,
 And on this ground will fix your vertue fast;
 You hence haue learn'd th' vncertaine state of man,
 And that no height of glitt'ring honour can
 Secure his quiet: for almighty God,
 Who rules the high, can with his pow'rfull rod
 Represse the greatest, and in mercy daignes
 With dang'rous ioyes to mingle wholsome paines:
 Though men in sicknesse draw vnquiet breath,
 And count it worst of euils, next to death:
 Yet such his goodnesse is, who gouernes all,
 That from this bitter spring sweete riuers fall:
 Here we are truly taught our selues to know,
 To pittie others who indure like woe:
 To feele the waight of sinne, the onely cause
 Whence eu'ry body this corruption drawes:

To make our peace with that correcting hand,
Which at each moment can our liues command.
These are the blest effects, which sicknesse leaues,
VVhen these your serious brest aright conceaues
You will no more repent your former paine;
Then we our ioy, to see you well againe.



*To the memory of the faire and thrice vertuous
Gentlewoman, Mistris Elizabeth
Neuell.*

A Nymph is dead, milde, vertuous, young & faire,
Death neuer counts by dayes, or mon'ths, or
Oft in his sight the Infant old appeares, (yeeres:
And to his earthly mansion must repaire.
VVhy should our sighes disturbe the quiet Aire?
For when the flood of Time to ruine beares,
No beauty can preuaile, nor parents teares.
VVhen life is gone, we of the flesh despaire,
Yet still the happy soule immortall liues
In heauen, as we with pious hope conceiue,
And to the Maker endlesse prayses giues,
That she so soone this lothsome world might leaue.
VVe iudge that glorious Spirit doubly blest,
VVhich from short life ascends t' eternall rest.



*Of the truly Noble and Excellent Lady, the Lady
Marquesse of Winchester.*

CAn my poore lines no better office haue,
But lie like Scritch-Owles still about the graue?
VVhen shall I take some pleasure for my paine,
Commending them that can commend againe?
VVhen shall my Muse in loue-sicke lines recite
Some Ladies worth, which she of whom I write,
VVith thankfull smiles may reade in her owne dayes?
Or when shall I a breathing woman prayse?
O neuer! Mine are too ambitious strings,
They will not sound but of eternall things;
Such are freed-soules, but had I thought it fit,
T'exalt a spirit to a body knit:
I would confesse I spent my time amisse,
VVhen I was slow to giue due praise to this.
Now when all weepe, it is my time to sing,
Thus from her ashes must my Poem spring:
Though in the race I see some swiftly runne,
I will not crowne them till the goale be won,
Till death ye mortals cannot happy be.
VVhat can I then but woe, and dangers see,

If

160 *Of the truly noble and excellent, &c.*

If in your liues I write, now when ye rest,
 I will insert your names among the blest :
 And now, perhaps, my Verses may increase
 Your rising fame, though not your boundlesse peace.
 Which if they euer could, may they make thine :
 Great Lady, further, if not clearer shine :
 I could thy husbands highest Styles relate,
 Thy Fathers Earledome, and that Englands state
 Vvas wholly manag'd by thy Grandfires brow :
 But those that loue thee best, will best allow
 That I omit to praise thy match and Line,
 And speake of things that were more truly thine :
 Thou thought'st it base to build on poore remaines
 Of noble bloud, which ranne in others veines ;
 As many doe, who beare no flowres, nor fruite,
 But shew dead stocks, which haue beene of repute,
 And liue by meere remembrance of a sound,
 Which was long since by winds disperst and drown'd :
 While that false worth, which they suppose they haue
 Is digg'd vp new from the corrupting Graue :
 For thou hadst liuing honours, not decay'd
 With wearing time, and needing not the ayd
 Of Heraulds, in the haruest of whose art
 None but the vertuous iustly clayme a part :
 Since they our Parents memories renew,
 For imitation, not for idle view,
 Yet what is all their skill, if we compare
 Their paper works with those which liuely are,

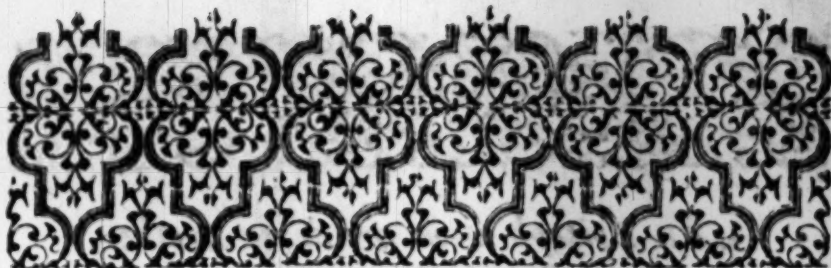
In such as thou hast been, whose present lookes,
If many such were, would surpresse all bookes;
For their examples would alone suffice:
They that the Countrey see, the Map despise.
For thee a Crowne of Vertues we prepare,
The chiefe is Wisdome, in thy Sex most rare,
By which thou didst thy husbands state maintaine,
VVhich sure had falne without thee; and in vaine
Had aged *Paulus* wealth, and honours heap'd
Vpon his House, if strangers had them reapt.
In vaine to height, by safe still steps he climes,
And serues five Princes in most diff'rent times.
In vaine is he a Willow, not an Oke,
Which winds might easly bend, yet neuer broke.
In vaine he breakes his sleepe, and is diseas'd,
And grieues himselfe, that others may be pleas'd:
In vaine he striues to beare an equall hand,
'Twixt *Somerset* and bold *Northumberland*;
And to his owne close ends directing all,
Will rise with both, but will with neither fall.
All this had been in vaine, vnlesse he might
Haue left his heires cleare knowledge as their right.
But this no sonne infallibly can draw
From his Descent, by Nature, or by Law:
That treasure which the soule with glory decks,
Respects not birth-right, nor the nobler Sex:
For women oft haue mens defects suppli'd,
VVhose office is to keepe what men prouide.

M

So

162 *Of the truly Noble, and Excellent, &c.*

So hast thou done, and made thy name as great,
 As his who first exalted *Paul's* seat :
 Neere dew, yet not too neere, the thunders blow,
 Some stood 'twixt *Ioue*, and him, though most below.
 O well waigh'd dignity, selected place,
 Prouided for continuance of his race,
 Not by Astrologie, but Prudence farre,
 More pow'rfull then the force of any Starre !
 The Dukes are gone, and now (though much beneath)
 His Coronet is next th' Imperiall Wreath,
 No richer signe his flowry Garland drowns,
 Which shines alone about the lesser Crownes.
 This thou inioyd'st, as sicke men tedious houres,
 And thought'st of brighter Pearles, and fairer flowres,
 And higher Crownes, which heau'n for thee reserves,
 When this thy worldly pompe decays, and starues.
 This sacred seruour in thy mind did glow :
 And though suppress'd with outward state and show,
 Yet at thy death those hind'ring clouds it clear'd,
 And like the lost Sunne to the world appear'd ;
 Euen as a strong fire vnder ashes turn'd,
 Which with more force long secretly hath burn'd,
 Breakes forth to be the object of our sight,
 Aimes at the Orbe, and ioynes his flame with light.



*Vpon his Noble Friend, Sir William
Skipwith.*

TO frame a man, who in those giftsexcel, (dwels,
Which makes the Country happy where hee
We first conceiue, what names his Line adorne,
It kindles vertue to be nobly borne.
This picture of true Gentry must be grac'd,
With glitt'ring Jewels round about him plac'd;
A comely body, and a beauteous mind;
A heart to loue, a hand to giue inclin'd;
A house as free, and open as the Ayre;
A tongue which ioyes in Language sweet and faire;
Yet can, when need requires, with courage bold,
To publike eares his neighbours griefes vnfold.
All these we neuer more shall find in one,
And yet all these are clos'd within this stone.



*An Epitaph upon my deare Brother,
Francis Beaumont.*

ON Death thy Mord'rer this reuenge I take :
 I slight his terror, and iust question make,
 Which of vs two the best precedence haue,
 Mine to this wretched world, thine to the graue :
 Thou shouldst haue followd me, but death too blame,
 Miscounted yeeres, and measur'd age by Fame.
 So dearely hast thou bought thy precious lines,
 Their praise grew swiftly ; so thy life declines :
 Thy Muse, the hearers Queene, the Readers loue :
 All cares, all hearts (but Deaths) could please and moue.



Of my deare Sonne, Geruase Beaumont.

CAN I, who haue for others oft compil'd
 The Songs of Death, forget my sweetest child,
 VVhich like a flow'r crush't, with a blast is dead,
 And ere full time hangs downe his smiling head,
 Expecting with cleare hope to liue anew,
 Among the Angels fed with heau'nly dew ?
 We haue this signe of Ioy, that many dayes,
 While on the earth his struggling spirit stayes,
 The name of *Iesus* in his mouth containes,
 His onely food, his sleepe, his ease-from paines.
 O may that sound be rooted in my mind,
 Of which in him such strong effect I find.
 Deare Lord, receiue my Sonne, whose winning loue
 To me was like a friendship, farre aboue
 The course of nature, or his tender age,
 Whose lookes could all my bitter griefes assuage ;
 Let his pure soule ordain'd scū'n yeeres to be
 In that fraile body, which was part of me,
 Remaine my pledge in heau'n, as sent to shew,
 How to this Port at eu'ry step I goe.



*Tearcs for the death of the truly Honourable, the
Lord Chandos.*

L Et him whose lines a priuate losse deplore,
Call them to weepe, that neuer wept before;
My griefe is more audacious: giue me one
Who eu'ry day hath heard a dying grone,
The subiect of my verses may suffice
To draw new tearcs from dry and weary eyes.
We dare not loue a man, nor pleasure take
In others worth for noble *Chandos* sake:
And when we seeke the best with reasons light,
We feare to wish him longer in our sight.
Time had increast his vertue and our woe,
For sorrow gathers weight by comming slow:
Should him the God of life, to life restore
Againe, we lose him, and lament the more.
If Mortals could a thousand liues renew,
They were but shades of death which must insue.
Our gracious God hath fitter bounds assign'd,
And earthly paines to one short life confin'd;
Yet when his hand hath quench'd the vitall flame,
It leaues some cinders of immortall fame.

At these we blow, and (like *Promethens*) strive
By such weake sparkes, to make dead clay aliue :
Breath flies to ayre, the body falls to ground;
And nothing dwels with vs but mournfull sound.
O, might his honor'd Name liue in my Song,
Reflected as with Ecchoes shrill and strong!
But when my lines of glorious objects treat,
They should rise high, because the worke is great.
No Quill can paint this Lord, vnlesse it haue
Some tincture from his actions free and braue :
Yet from this height I must descend againe,
And (like the calme Sea) lay my Verses plaine,
When I describe the smoothnesse of his mind,
Where reasons chaines rebellious passions bind;
My Poem must in harmony excell,
His sweet behauiour and discourse to tell;
It should be deepe, and full of many Arts,
To teach his wisdom, and his happy parts.
But since I want these graces, and despaire
To make my Picture (like the patterne) faire;
These hasty strokes vnperfect draughts shall stand,
Expecting life from some more skilfull hand,



*Vpon the vntimely death of the Honourable, hope-
full young Gentleman, Edward Stafford,
Sonne and Heire to the Lord
Stafford.*

DEAD is the hope of *Stafford*, in whose line
So many Dukes, and Earles, and Barons shine:
And from this *Edwards* death his kinred drawes
More grieffe, then mighty *Edwards* fall could cause:
For to this House his vertue promist more
Then all thole great Ones that had gone before.
No lofty titles can securely frame
The happinesse, and glory of a Name:
Bright honours at the point of Noone decay,
And feele a sad declining like the day.
But he that from the race of Kings is borne,
And can their mem'ries with his worth adorne,
Is farre more blest, then those of whom he springs,
He from aboue the soule of goodnesse brings,
T'inspire the body of his Noble birth,
This makes it moue, before but liuelesse earth.
Of such I write, who show'd he would haue been
Complete in action, but we lost him greene.

We onely saw him crown'd with flowres of hope :
O that the fruits had giu'n me larger scope!
And yet the bloomes which on his Herse we strow,
Surpasse the Cherries, and the Grapes that grow
In others Gardens. Here fresh Roses lie,
Whose ruddy blushes modest thoughts descry,
In Flowre-de-luces dide with azure hue,
His constant loue to heau'nly things we view :
The spotlesse Lillies shew his pure intent,
The flaming Marigold his zeale present,
The purple Violets his Noble minde,
Degen'rate neuer from his Princely kind ;
And last of all the Hyacinths we throw,
In which are writ the letters of our woe.

To



To the Memory of the Learned and Religious, Ferdinando Pulton, Esquire.

AS at a ioyfull Marriage, or the birth
Of some long wisbed child; or when the earth
Yeelds plenteous fruit, and makes the Ploughman sing:
Such is the sound, and subject of my string:
Ripe age, full vertue need no fun'ral Song,
Here mournfull tunes would Grace, & Nature wrong.
VVhy should vaine sorrow follow him with teares,
VVho shakes off burdens of declining yeeres?
VVhose thread exceeds the vsuall bounds of life,
And feesles no stroke of any fatall knife?
The Destinies enioyne their wheelles to run,
Vntill the length of his whole course be spun.
No enuious cloud obscures his struggling light,
VVhich sets contented at the point of night:
Yet this large time no greater profit brings,
Then eu'ry little moment whence it springs,
Vnlesse employ'd in workes deseruing praise,
Most weare out many yeeres, and liue few dayes.
Time flowes from instants, and of these each one
Should be esteem'd, as if it were alone

The shortest space, which we so lightly prize
VVhen it is comming, and before our eyes :
Let it but slide into th' eternall Maine,
No Realmes, no worlds can purchase it againe :
Remembrance onely makes the footsteps last,
VVhen winged Time, which fixt the prints, is past.
This he well-knowing, all occasions tries,
T' enrich his owne, and others learned eyes.
This noble end, not hope of gaine did draw
His minde to trauaile in the knotty Law :
That was to him by serious labour made
A Science, which to many is a Trade ;
VVho purchase lands, build houses by their tongue,
And study right, that they may practise wrong.
His bookes were his rich purchases : his fees,
That praise which Fanie to painefull works decrees :
His mem'ry hath a surer ground then theirs,
VVho trust in stately Tombes, or wealthy Heires.



*To the immortal memory of the fairest and
most vertuous Lady, the Lady Clifton.*

HEr tongue hath ceast to speake, which might
All tongues might stay, all Pens all hands beuie,
Yet I must write, O that it might haue beene
While she had liu'd, and had my verses scene,
Before sad cries deaf'd my vtuned eares,
When verses flow'd more easily then teares.
Ah why neglected I to write her prayse,
And paint her Vertues in those happy dayes !
Then my now trembling hand and dazzled eye,
Had seldome fail'd, hauing the patterne by;
Or had it err'd, or made some strokes amisse,
(For who can portray vertue as it is ?)
Art might with Nature haue maintain'd her strife,
By curious lines to imitate true life.
But now those Pictures want their liuely grace,
As after death none can well draw the face :
We let our friends passe idly like our time,
Till they be gone, & then we see our crime, (known
And thinke what worth in them might haue been
What duties done, and what affection showne :

Vntimely

Vntimely knowledge, which so deare doth cost,
And then beginnes when the thing knowne is lost;
Yet this cold loue, this enuie, this neglect,
Proclaimes vs modest while our due respect
To goodnesse, is restrain'd by seruile feare,
Lest to the world, it flatt'ry should appeare:
As if the present houres deseru'd no prayse:
But age is past, whose knowledge onely staves
On that weake prop which memory sustaines,
Should be the proper subiect of our straines:
Or as if foolish men asham'd to sing
Of Violets, and Roses in the Spring,
Should tarry till the flow'rs were blowne away,
And till the Muses life and heate decay;
Then is the fury slak'd, the vigour fled,
As here in mine, since it with her was dead:
Which still may sparkle, but shall flame no more,
Because no time shall her to vs restore:
Yet may these Sparks, thus kindled with her fame,
Shine brighter and liue longer then some flame.
Here expectation vrgeth me to tell
Her high perfections, which the world knew well.
But they are farre beyond my skill t'vnfold,
They were poore vertues if they might be told.
But thou, who faine would'st take a gen'rall view
Of timely fruites which in this garden grew,
On all the vertues in mens actions looke,
Or reade their names writ in some morall booke;

And

And summe the number which thou there shalt find:
So many liu'd, and triumph'd in her minde.
Nor dwelt these Graces in a house obscure,
But in a Palace faire, which might allure
The wretch who no respect to vertue bore;
To loue It, for the garments which it wore.
So that in her the body and the soule
Contended, which should most adorne the whole.
O happy Soule for such a body meete,
How are the firme chaines of that vnion sweete,
Disseuer'd in the twinkling of an eye?
And we amaz'd dare aske no reason why,
But silent think, that God is pleas'd to show,
That he hath workes, whose ends we cannot know:
Let vs then cease to make a vaine request,
To learne why die the fairest, why the best;
For all these things, which mortals hold most deare,
Most slipp'ry are, and yeeld lesse ioy then feare;
And being lifted high by mens desire,
Are more perspicuous markes for heau'nly fire;
And are laid prostrate with the first assault,
Because, our loue makes their desert their fault.
Then Iustice, vs to some amends should mouue
For this our fruitelesse, nay our hurtfull loue;
We in their Honour, piles of stone erect
With their deare Names, and worthy prayses deck
But since those faile, their glories we rehearse,
In better Marble, euerlasting verse:

By which we gather from consuming houres,
Some parts of them, though time the rest deuoures;
Then if the Muses can forbid to die,
As we their Priests suppose, why may not I?
Although the least and hoarsest in the quire,
Cleare beames of blessed immortality inspire
To keepe thy blest remembrance euer young,
Still to be freshly in all Ages sung:
Or if my worke in this vnable be,
Yet shall it euer liue, vpheld by thee:
For thou shalt liue, though Poems should decay,
Since Parents teach their Sonnes, thy prayse to say;
And to posterity, from hand to hand
Conuay it with their blessing and their land.
Thy quiet rest from death, this good deriues
In stead of one, it giues thee many liues:
While these lines last, thy shadow dwelleth here,
Thy fame, it selfe extendeth eu'ry where;
In Heau'n our hopes haue plac'd thy better part:
Thine Image liues, in thy sad Husbands heart:
Who as when he enioy'd thee, he was chiefe
In loue and comfort, so is he now in griefe.



Vpon the death of the most noble Lord Henry, Earle of Southampton, 1624.

VHen now the life of great *Southampton* ends,
 His fainting seruants, and astonisht friends
 Stand like so many weeping Marble stones,
 No passage left to vtter sighes, or grones:
 And must I first dissolue the bonds of griefe,
 And straine forth words, to giue the rest reliefe?
 I will be bold my trembling voyce to trie,
 That his deare Name, may not in silence die.
 The world must pardon, if my song bee weake,
 In such a case it is enough to speake:
 My verses are not for the present age:
 For what man liues, or breathes on *Englands* stage;
 That knew not braue *Southampton*, in whose sight
 Most plac'd their day, and in his absence night?
 I striue, that vnborne Children may conceiue,
 Of what a Jewell angry Fates bereaue
 This mournfull Kingdome, and when heauy woes
 Oppresse their hearts, thinke ours as great as those:
 In what estate shall I him first expresse,
 In youth, or age, in ioy, or in distresse?

When

When he was young, no ornament of youth
Was wanting in him, acting that in truth
Which *Cyrus* did in shadow, and to men
Appear'd like *Peleus* sonne from *Chiron's* Den :
While through this Iland Fame his praise reports,
As best in martiall deedes, and courtly sports,
When riper age with winged feete repaires,
Graue care adorne his head with silver haire ;
His valiant seruour was not then decaide,
But ioyn'd with counsell, as a further aide.
Behold his constant and vndaunted eye,
In greatest danger when condemn'd to dye,
He scorne th' insulting aduersaries breath,
And will admit no feare, though neere to Death:
But when our gracious Soueraigne had regain'd
This Light, with clouds obscur'd in walls detain'd :
And by his fauour plac'd this Starre on high,
Fixt in the Garter, *Englands* azure skie ;
He pride (which dimms such change) as much did hate,
As base deiection in his former state :
When he was call'd to sit, by *Ioues* command,
Among the Demigods, that rule this Land,
No pow'r, no strong perswasion could him draw
From that, which he conceiu'd as right and Law.
When shall we in this Realme a Father finde
So truly sweet, or husband halfe so kinde ?
Thus he enioyde the best contents of life,
Obedient Children, and a louing Wife.

178 *Vpon the death of the most Noble, &c.*

These were his parts in Peace ; but O how farre
 This noble soule excell'd it selfe in VVarre :
 He was directed by a nat'rall vaine,
 True honour by this painefull way to gaine.
 Let *Ireland* witnesse, where he first appeares,
 And to the fight his warlike Ensignes beares.
 And thou O *Belgia*, wert in hope to see
 The Trophees of his conquests wrought in thee,
 But Death, who durst not meete him in the field,
 In priuate by close trech'ry made him yeeld.
 I keepe that glery last, which is the best ;
 The loue of Learning, which he oft exprest
 By conuersation, and respect to those
 Who had a name in Artes, in verse or prose :
 Shall euer I forget with what delight,
 He on my simple lines would cast his sight ?
 His onely mem'ry my poore worke adornes,
 He is a Father to my crowne of thornes :
 Now since his death how can I euer looke,
 Without some teares, vpon that Orphan booke ?
 Ye sacred Muses, if ye will admit
 My name into the roll, which ye haue writ
 Of all your seruants, to my thoughts display
 Some rich conceipt, some vnfrequented way,
 Which may hereafter to the world commend
 A picture fit for this my noble Friend :
 For this is nothing, all these Rimes I scorne ;
 Let Pens be broken, and the paper torne :

And

Vpon the death of the most Noble, &c. 179

And with his last breath let my musick cease,
Vnlesse my lowly Poem could increase
In true description of immortall things,
And rays'd aboue the earth with nimble wings,
Fly like an Eagle from his Fun'rall fire,
Admir'd by all, as all did him admire.



*An Epitaph vpon that hopesfull young Gentleman,
the Lord Wriothesley.*

Here lies a Souldier, who in youth desir'd
His valiant Fathers noble steps to tread,
And swiftly from his friends and Countrey fled,
While to the height of glory he aspir'd.

The cruell Fates with bitter enuy fir'd,
To see warres prudent in so young a head,
Sent from their dusky caues to strike him dead,
A strong disease in peacefull Robes attir'd.

This Murd'rer kills him with a silent dart,
And hauing drawne it bloody from the Sonne,
Throwes it againe into the Fathers heart,
And to his Lady boasts what he hath done.

What helpe can men against pale Death prouide,
When twice within few dayes *Souhampton* did?



IVVENAL. SAT. IO.

IN all the Countries, which from *Gades* extend
 To *Ganges*, where the mornings beames ascend,
 Few men the clouds of error can remooue,
 And know what ill t' auoide, what good to loue:
 For what doe we by reason seeke or leaue,
 Or what canst thou so liappily conceiue,
 But straight thou wilt thine enterprise repent,
 And blame thy wish, when thou behold' st th' euent?
 The easie gods cause houses to decay,
 By granting that, for which the owners pray;
 In Peace and Warre we aske for hurtfull things,
 The copious flood of speech to many brings
 Vntimely death; another rashly dyes,
 While he vpon his wondrous strength relies:
 But most by heapes of money choked are,
 Which they haue gather'd with too earnest care,
 Till others they in wealth as much excell,
 As British Whales about the Dolphins swell:
 In bloody times by *Neroes* fierce commands,
 The armed troope about *Longinus* stands;
 Rich *Senecaes* large gardens circling round,
 And *Lateranus* Palace much renown'd.

The greedy Tyrants souldier seldome comes,
 To ran sack beggers in the vpper roomes.
 If siluer vessels, though but few thou bear'st,
 Thou in the night the sword and trunchion fear'st;
 And at the shadow of each Reed wilt quake,
 When by the Moone light thou perceiu'st it shake:
 But he that trauailes empty, feesles no grieffe,
 And boldly sings in presence of the thiefe:
 The first desires, and those which best we know
 In all our Temples, are that wealth may grow,
 That riches may increase, and that our chest
 In publike banke may farre exceed the rest.
 But men in earthen vessels neuer drinke
 Dyre poysons: then thy selfe in danger thinke,
 When cups beset with Pearles thy hand doth hold,
 And precious Wine burnes bright in ample gold:
 Do'st thou not now perceiue sufficient cause,
 To giue those two wise men deseru'd applause,
 Who when abroad they from their thresholds stept,
 The one did alwaies laugh, the other wept?
 But all are apt to laugh in euery place,
 And censure actions with a wrinkled face;
 It is more maruell how the others eyes
 Could moysture find his weeping to suffice.
Democritus did euer shake his spleene
 With laughters force; yet had there neuer been
 Within his natiue soyle such garments braue,
 And such vaine signes of Honour as we haue.

What

What if he saw the Pretor standing out
From lofty Chariots in the thronging rout,
Clad in a Coate with noble Palme-trees wrought,
A signe of triumph, from *Ioues* Temple brought,
And deckt with an imbrodred purple Gowne,
Like hangings from his shoulders trailing downe :
No necke can lift the Crowne which then he weares,
For it a publike seruant sweating beares;
And lest the Consull should exceed in pride,
A Slaue with him in the same Coach doth ride.
The Bird which on the Iu'ry Scepter stands,
The Cornets, and the long officious Bands
Of those that walke before to grace the sight,
The troope of seruile Romans cloth'd in white,
Which all the way vpon thy Horse attends,
Whō thy good cheare & purse haue made thy friends;
To him each thing he meets occasion mooues
Of earnest laughter, and his wisdome prooues,
That worthy men, who great examples giue,
In barb'rous Countries and thicke ayre may liue :
He laught at common peoples cares and feares;
Oft at their ioyes, and sometimes at their teares,
He in contempt to threatning Fortune throwes
A halter, and his scornfull finger showes.

We rub the knees of gods with waxe, to gaine
From them such things as hurtfull are, or vaine ;
Pow'r subiect to fierce spite, casts many downe,
Whom their large stiles, and famous titles drowne.

The

The Statues fall, and through the streets are roll'd:
 The wheelles, which did the Chariots weight vphold,
 Are knockt in pieces with the Hatchets stroke:
 The harmelesse Horses legs are also broke:
 The fires make hissing sounds, the bellowes blow,
 That head dissolu'd, must in the furnace glow,
 Which all with honours like the gods did grace.
 The great *Seianus* crackes, and of that face,
 Which once the second in the world was nam'd,
 Are basons, frying-pans, and dishes fram'd,
 Place bayes at home to *Ioues* chiefe Temple walke,
 And leade with thee a great Oxe, white as chalke.
 Behold *Seianus* drawne vpon a hooke,
 All men reioyce, what lips had he, what looke?
 Trust me (saith one) I neuer could abide
 This fellow; yet none asks for what he dy'd:
 None knowes who was the man that him accus'd;
 What proofes were brought, what testimony vs'd;
 A large Epistle fraught with words great store,
 From *Caprea* comes: 'tis well, I seeke no more,
 The wau'ring people follow Fortune still,
 And hate those whom the State intends to kill.
 Had *Nurcia* fauor'd this her *Tuscan* child:
 Had he the aged carelesse Prince beguild;
 The same base tongues would in that very houre
 Haue rays'd *Seianus* to *Augustus* pow'r.
 It is long since that we forbidden are,
 To sell our voyces free from publike care:

The

The people which gaue pow'r in warre and peace,
 Now from those troubles is content to cease,
 And eu'ry wish for these two ends bestowes,
 For bread in plenty, and Circensian showes.
 I heare that many are condemn'd to dye;
 No doubt the flame is great, and swelleth high.
Brutidius looking pale, did meet me neere
 To *Mars* his Altar, therefore much I feare,
 Lest vanquisht *Ajax* find out some pretence,
 To punish those that faild in his defence:
 Let vs run headlong, trampling *Cesars* foe,
 VVhile on the banke he lies, our fury show:
 Let all our seruants see, and witnesse beare,
 How forward we against the Traytor were,
 Lest any should deny, and to the Law,
 His fearefull Master by the necke should draw.
 These were the speeches of *Seianus* then,
 The secret murmures of the basest men.
 Would'st thou be flatter'd, and ador'd by such
 As bow'd to him? VVould'st thou possesse as much?
 VVould'st thou giue ciuill dignities to these?
 VVould'st thou appoint the Gen'als who thee please?
 Be Tutor of the Prince, who on the Rock
 Of *Capree* sits with his Chaldean flock:
 Thou surely seek'st it as a great reward,
 T' enioy high places in the field or Guard.
 This thou defend'st for those that haue no will,
 To make men die would haue the power to kill:

Yet

Yet what such fame or fortune can be found,
 But still the woes about the ioyes abound?
 Had'st thou then rather chuse the rich attire
 Of this great Lord, now drawne through comon mire,
 Or beare some office in the wretched State
 Of *Gabij*, or *Fidene*, and relate
 The Lawes of measures in a ragged gowne,
 And breake small vessels in an empty Towne;
 By this time I perceiue thou hast confest,
 That proud *Seianus* could not wish the best:
 He that for too much wealth and honour cares,
 The heaped lofts of rayfed Towres prepares,
 Whence from the top his fall declines more steepe,
 And headlong ruine drawes him to the deepe.
 This done, rich *Crassus* and the *Pompey's* threw,
 And him who Romane freedome could subdue,
 Because to height by cunning they aspire,
 And enuious gods giue way to their desire.
 Few Tyrants can to *Pluto's* Court descend,
 Without fierce slaughter, and a bloody end.

Demosthenes and *Tullies* fame and speech,
 Each one that studies Rhet'rike, will beseech
 At *Pallas* hands, and during all the dayes
 Of her *Quinquatria* for this onely prayes,
 Though worshipping her picture basely wrought,
 Such as with brazen money he hath bought,
 While in a little chest his papers lie,
 Which one poore seruant carries waiting nigh:

Yet

Yet both these Orators whom he admires,
 Dy'd for that eloquence which he desires:
 VVhat did them both to sad destruction bring,
 But wit which flow'd from an abundant Spring?
 The wit of *Tully* caus'd his head and hand
 To be cut off, and in the Court to stand.
 The Pulpits are not moistned with the flood
 Of any meane vnlearned pleaders blood.
 VVhen *Tully* wrote; O Rome most blest by Fate,
 New-borne when I enioy'd the Consuls State:
 If he his Prose had like his verses shap'd,
 He *Antonies* sharpe swords might haue escap'd.
 Let Critikes here their sharpe derision spend,
 Yet those harsh Poems rather I commend,
 Then thee, diuine *Philippicke*, which in place
 Art next the first, but hast the highest grace;
 He also with a cruell death expir'd,
 VVhose flowing torrent *Athens* so admir'd,
 VVho rul'd th' vnconstant people when he list,
 As if he held their bridles in his fist.
 Ah wretched man, begotten with the hate
 Of all the gods, and by sinister Fate,
 VVhom his poore father, bleare-ey'd with the soote
 Of sparkes which from the burning Ir'n did shoote,
 From Coales, Tongs, Anuile, and the Cutlers tooles,
 And durty Forge, sent to the Rhet'ricke Schooles.

The spoyles of warre some rusty Corslet plac'd
 On maymed Trophées cheekes of helmes defac'd;

Defectiue

Defectiue Chariots conquer'd Nauies decks,
 And captiues, who themselues with sorrow vexe,
 (Their faces on triumphant Arches wrought)
 Are things about the blisse of mortall thought :
 For these incitements to this fruitlesse end,
 The Romane, Greeke, and Barbr'ous Captaines tend.
 This caus'd their danger, and their willing paine,
 So much their thirst is greater for the gaine
 Of fame then vertue : for what man regards
 Bare vertue, if we take away rewards ?
 In ages past the glory of a few,
 Their Countrey rashly to destruction drew,
 Desiring prayse and titles full of pride,
 Inscrib'd on graue-stones which their asheshide,
 VVhich perish by the sauage fig-trees strength :
 For tombes themselues must haue their fate at length.
 Let *Annibal* be ponder'd in thy mind ;
 In him thou shalt that waight and value find,
 VVhich fits a great Commander. This is he,
 VVhose spirit could not comprehended be
 In Africk, reaching from th' Atlantick streames,
 To *Nilus* heated with the Sunny beames ;
 And Southward stretcht as farre as *Ethiope* feeds
 Huge Elephants, like those which *India* breeds :
 He conquers *Spaine*, which cannot him inclose
 VVith *Pyrenean* hills the *Alpes* and Snowes,
 VVhich nature armes against him, he derides,
 And Rockes made soft with Vineger diuides.

He

He *Italy* attaines, yet strives to runne
 On further : Nothing yet, saith he, is done,
 Till Punicke souldiers shall *Romes* gates deface,
 And in her noblest streets mine Ensignes place.
 How would this one-ey'd Generals appeare
 VVith that Gentulian beast which did him beare,
 If they were set in picture ? VVhat became
 Of all his bold attempts ? O deare-bought Fame,
 He vanquisht, into exile headlong flies,
 VVhere (all men wondring) he in humble wise,
 Must at the Palace doore attendance make,
 Till the Bythinian Tyrant please to wake.
 No warlike weapons end that restless life,
 VVhich in the world caus'd such confused strife.
 His Ring reuengeth all the Romans dead
 At *Canne*, and the blood which he had shed.
 Foole, passe the sharpe *Alpes*, that thy glories dreame
 May Schoole-boyes please, & be their publike theame.
 One VVorld contents not *Alexanders* mind,
 He thinkes himselfe in narrow bounds confin'd :
 It seemes as strait as any little Ile,
 Or desert Rocke to him, whom Lawes exile :
 But when he comes into the Towne, whose walls
 VVere made of clay, his whole ambition falls
 Into a graue : death onely can declare
 How base the bodies of all mortals are.
 The lying Greekes perswade vs not to doubt,
 That Persian Nauies failed round about

The

The Mountaine *Athos* feuer'd from the Maine,
 Such stuffe their fabulous reports containe :
 They tell vs what a passage framed was
 Of ships, that wheelles on solid Seas might passe :
 That deepest Riuers failed we must thinke,
 VVhose Floods the Medians at one meale could drink:
 And must belceue such other wond'rous things,
 VVhich *Softratus* relates with moyst'ned wings.
 But that great King of whom these tales they frame,
 Tell me how backe from *Salamis* he came,
 That barb'rous Prince who vs'd to whip the V Vinds,
 Not suff'ring strokes when *Acolus* them binds,
 He who proud *Neptune* in his fetters chain'd,
 And thought his rage by mildnesse much restrain'd,
 Because he did not brand him for his slaue ;
 VVhich of the Gods would such a Master haue.
 But how return'd he with one slender bote,
 VVhich through the bloody waues did slowly flote,
 Oft stay'd with heapes of carkases : these paines
 He as the fruits of long-wisht glory gaines.

Giue length of life, O *Ioue*, giue many yeeres,
 Thou prayst with vpright count'nance, pale with feares
 Not to be heard, yet long old age complaines
 Of great continuall griefes which it contains :
 As first a foule and a deformed face
 Vnlike it selfe, a rugged hide in place
 Of softer skin, loose cheekes, and wrinkles made,
 As large as those which in the wooddy shade

Of spacious *Tabraca*, the mother Ape
 Deepe furrow'd in her aged chaps doth scrape.
 Great difference is in persons that be young,
 Some are more beautifull, and some more strong
 Then others : but in each old man we see
 The same aspect ; his trembling limbes agree
 With shaking voyce, and thou may'st adde to those
 A bald head, and a childish dropping nose.
 The wretched man when to this state he comes,
 Must breake his hard bread with vnarmed gummes
 So lothsome, that his children and his wife
 Grow weary of him, he of his owne life ;
 And *Cossus* hardly can his sight sustaine,
 Though wont to flatter dying men for gaine.
 Now his benumbed palate cannot taste
 His meate or drinke, the pleasures now are past
 Of sensuall lust, yet he in buried fires
 Retaines vnable and vnfit desires,
 What ioy can musicke to his hearing bring,
 Though best Musicians, yea, *Selenus* sing,
 Who purchase golden raiments by their voyce :
 In Theaters he needs not make his choice
 Of place to sit, since that his deafned eare
 Can scarce the Cornets and the Trumpets heare :
 His Boy must cry aloud to let him know
 Who comes to see him, how the time doth goe :
 A Feuer onely heates his wasted blood
 In eu'ry part assaulted with a flood.

Of all diseases : if their names thou aske,
Thou mayst as well appoint me for a taske,
To tell what close adulterers *Hippia* loues;
How many sick-men *Themison* remoues
Out of this world within one Autumnes date :
How many poore confederates of our State,
Haue been by griping *Basilus* distrest ;
How many Orphanes *Irus* hath opprest ;
To what possessions he is now prefer'd,
Who in my youth scorn'd not to cut my beard :
Some feeble are in shoulders, loynes, or thighes,
Another is depriu'd of both his eyes,
And enuies those as happy that haue one.
This man too weake to take his meate alone,
With his pale lips must feede at others hands,
While he according to his custome stands
With gaping iawes like to the Swallowes brood,
To whom their hungry mother carries food
In her full mouth : yet worse in him we find
Then these defects in limbes, a doting mind ;
He cannot his owne seruants names recite,
Nor know his friend with whom he sup't last night ;
Not those he got and bred : with cruell spots
Out of his will his doubtlesse heires he blots,
And all his goodsto *Phiale* bequeathes :
So sweet to him a common Strumpet breathes.
But if his senses should not thus be spent,
His childrens fun'ralls he must oft lament,

He his deare wiues and brothers death bemones,
 And sees the urnes full of his sisters bones.
 Those that liue long endure this lingring paine,
 That oft they find new causes to complaine,
 While they mishaps in their owne house behold,
 In woes and mournefull garments growing old.
 The *Pylia* King, as *Homers* verses show,
 In length of life came nearest to the Crow:
 Thou thinkst him blest whom death so long forbears,
 Who on his right hand now accounts his yeeres
 By hundreds with an ancient num'rall signe,
 And hath the fortune oft to drinke new wine.
 But now obserue how much he blames the law
 Of Fates, because too large a thread they draw:
 When to *Antiloebus* last Rites he came,
 And saw his beard blaze in the fun'rall flame,
 Then with demands to those that present are,
 He thus his gre'uous mis'ry doth declare:
 VVhy should I last thus long, what hainous crime
 Hath made me worthy of such spacious time?
 Like voyces *Peleus* vs'd, when he bewail'd
Achilles, whom vntimely death assail'd:
 And sad *Laertes*, who had cause to weepe
 For his *Vlisses* swimming on the deepe.
 When *Troy* was safe, then *Priam* might haue gone
 With stately Exequies and solemne mone,
 T' accompany *Assaracus* his ghost,
 His fun'rall Herse, enricht with Princely cost,

VWhich *Hector* with his other brothers beares,
 Amidst the flood of *Ilia*n womens teares.
 VWhen first *Cassandra* practis'd to lament;
 And faire *Polyxena* with garments rent :
 If he had dy'd ere *Paris* plac'd his sayles
 In ventrous ships, see what long age auailles :
 This caus'd him to behold his ruin'd Towne,
 The swords and fiers which conquer'd *Asia* drowne;
 Then he, a trembling souldier, off doth cast
 His Diademe, takes armour; but at last
 Falls at *Iones* Altar, like an Oxe decai'd;
 VWhose pittifull thinne necke is prostrate laid
 To his hard Masters knife, disdained now,
 Because not fit to draw th' vngratefull plow :
 Yet dy'd he humane death; but his curst wife
 Bark't like a Dog, remaining still in life.
 To our examples willingly I haste,
 And therefore *Mithridates* haue orepast;
 And *Cræsus* whom iust *Solon* bids t' attend,
 And not to iudge men happy till the end.
 This is the cause that banisht *Marinus* flies,
 That he imprison'd is, and that he lies
 In close *Misturnas* Fennes to hide his head,
 And neere to conquer'd *Carthage* begs his bread.
 VVise nature had not fram'd, nor *Rome* brought forth
 A Citizen more Noble for his worth;
 If hauing to the view his captiues led,
 And all his warlike pompe, in glory spred;

Then

Then his triumphant soule he forth had sent,
 VVhen from his Cimbrian Chariot downe he went.

Campania did for *Pompeyes* good prouide
 Strong Feuers, which (if he had then espy'd
 What would ensue) were much to be desir'd.

But many Cities publike vowes conspir'd,
 And this so happy sicknesse could deface,
 Reseruing him to dye with more disgrace :

Romes and his fortune onely sau'd his head
 To be cut off when ouercom'n he fled.

This paine the Traytor *Lentulus* doth scape :

Cethegus not disfigur'd in his shape,

Enjoying all his limbes vnmaimed lyes,

And *Catiline* with his whole carkase dyes.

The carefull Mother, when she casts her eyes

On *Venus* Temple in soft lowly wise,

Demands the gift of beauty for her Boyes,

But askes it for her Girles with greater noyse,

At common formes her wish she neuer staies,

But for the height of delicacy prayes.

And why should'st thou reprocue this prudent choice?

Latona in faire *Phabe* doth reioyce.

O but *Lucretia's* haplesse fate deterres,

That others wish not such a face as hers :

Virginia her sweet feature would forsake,

And *Rutillaes* crook'd backe would gladly take.

Where sonnes are beautifull, the parents vex

With care and feare, are wretched and perplex.

So seldome an exact consent betweene
 Well-fauor'd shapes and chastity is seene.
 For should they be with holy manners taught
 In homely houses, such as *Sabines* wrought:
 Should bounteous natures lib'rall hand bestow
 Chast dispositions, modest looks, which glow
 With sanguine blushes, (what more happy thing
 To Boyes can fauourable nature bring?
 Whose inclinations farre more pow'rfull are,
 Then many keepers and continuall care:)
 Yet are they neuer suffer'd to possesse
 The name of man; such foule corrupters presse,
 And by the force of large expences trust,
 To make their Parents instruments of lust.
 No Tyrant in his cruell Palace get
 Deformed Youths; no Noble Child had felt
 Fierce *Neroes* rapes, if all wry leg'd had beene;
 If in their necks foule swellings had been scene;
 If windy tumours had their bellies rays'd;
 Or Camels bunches had their backs disprais'd:
 Goe now with ioy thy young-mans forme affect,
 Whom greater dangers, and worse Fates expect;
 Perhaps he shortly will the title beare
 Of a profest adult'rer, and will feare
 To suffer iustly for his wicked fact,
 Such paines as angry husbands shall exact:
 Nor can he happier be then *Mars* his Starre,
 T' escape those snares which caught the god of warre.

Yet

Yet oft that grieve to sharper vengeance drawes,
Then is permitted by th' indulgent lawes;
Some kill with swords, others with scourges cut,
And some th' offenders to foule torments put.
But thine *Endymion* happily will proue
Some Matrons Minion, who may merit loue;
Yet when *Servilia* him with money hires,
He must be hers against his owne desires:
Her richest ornaments she off will take,
And strip her selfe of Jewels for his sake.
What will not *Hippia* and *Catulla* giue
To those, that with them in adult'ry liue:
For wicked women in these base respects
Place all their manners, and their whole affects.
But thou wilt say, Can beauty hurt the chaste?
Tell me what ioy *Hippolitus* did taste;
What good seuer *Bellerophon* receiu'd,
When to their pure intents they strictly cleau'd.
Both *Sthenobea* and the Cretan Queene,
Asham'd of their repulse, stirr'd vp their teene:
For then a woman breeds most fierce debate,
When shame addes piercing stings to cruell hate.
How would'st thou counsell him, whom th' Emp'rors
Resolues to marry in her husbands life: (wife
The best and fairest of the Lords must dye;
His life is quencht by *Messallinaes* eye:
She in her nuptiall Robes doth him expect,
And openly hath in her gardens deckt

A purple marriage bed, nor will refuse
 To giue a dowre, and ancient Rites to vse.
 The cunning Wizzard who must tell the doome
 Of this successe, with Notaries must come :
 Thou think'st these things are hid from publike view,
 And but committed to the trust of few.
 Nay, she will haue her solemne wedding drest
 With shew of Law : then teach him what is best,
 He dies ere night vnlesse he will obey;
 Admit the crime, he gaines a little stay,
 Till that which now the common people heares,
 May come by rumour to the Princes cares :
 For he is sure to be the last that knowes
 The secret shame which in his household growes :
 Thy selfe awhile to her desires apply,
 And life for some few dayes so dearely buy.
 What way soeuer he as best shall chuse,
 That faire white necke he by the sword must luse.

Shall men with nothing? wilt thou counsell take,
 Permit the heau'nly powers the choyce to make,
 VVhat shall be most conuenient for our Fates,
 Or bring most profit to our doubtfull states,
 The prudent gods can place their gifts aright,
 And grant true goods in stead of vaine delight.
 A man is neuer to himselfe so deare,
 As vnto them when they his fortunes steare :
 We carried with the fury of our minds,
 And strong affection which our iudgement blinds.

VVould

VVould husbands proue, and fathers, but they see
 VVhat our wisht children and our wiues will bee :
 Yet that I may to thee some pray'rs allow,
 When to the sacred Temples thou do'st vow,
 Diuineſt entrailes in white Pockets found,
 Pray for a ſound mind in a body ſound ;
 Deſire braue ſpirit free from feare of death,
 Which can eſteeme the lateſt houre of breath,
 Among the gifts of Nature which can beare
 All ſorrowes from deſire and anger cleare,
 And thinkes the paines of *Hercules* more bleſt,
 Then wanton luſt the ſuppers and ſoft reſt,
 Wherein *Sardanapalus* ioy'd to liue.
 I ſhow thee what thou to thy ſelfe mayſt giue ;
 If thou the way to quiet life wilt treade,
 No guide but vertue can thee thither leade :
 No pow'r diuine is euer abſent there,
 VVhere wiſdome dwells, and equall rule doth beare.
 But we, O Fortune, ſtrive to make thee great,
 Plac'd as a Goddeſſe in a heau'nly ſeate.



A funerall Hymne out of Prudentius.

O God, the soules pure fi'ry Spring,
 Who diff'rent natures wouldst combine:
 That man whom thou to life didst bring,
 By weakenesse may to death decline,
 By thee they both are fram'd aright,
 They by thy hand vnited be;
 And while they ioyne with growing might,
 Both flesh and spirit liue to thee:
 But when diuision them recals,
 They bend their course to seu'rall ends,
 Into dry earth the body falls,
 The feruent soule to heau'n ascends:
 For all created things at length,
 By slow corruption growing old,
 Must needs forsake compacted strength,
 And disagreeing webs vnfold.
 But thou, deare Lord, hast meanes prepar'd,
 That death in thine may neuer reigne,
 And hast vndoubted waies declar'd,
 How members lost may rise againe:

That

That while those gen'rous rayes are bound
In prison vnder fading things;
That part may still be stronger found,
VVhich from aboue directly springs.
If man with baser thoughts posselt,
His will in earthly mud shall drowne;
The soule with such a weight opprest,
Is by the body carried downe:
But when she mindfull of her birth,
Her selfe from vgly spots debarres;
She lifts her friendly house from earth,
And beares it with her to the Starres.
See how the empty bodies lyes,
VVhere now no liuely soule remains:
Yet when short time with swiftnesse flies,
The height of senses it regaines.
Those ages shall be soone at hand,
VVhen kindly heate the bones reuiwes;
And shall the former house command,
VVhere liuing blood it shall infuse.
Dull carkases to dust now worne,
VVhich long in graues corrupted lay,
Shall to the nimble ayre be borne,
VVhere soules before haue led the way.
Hence comes it to adorne the graue,
VVith carefull labour men affect:
The limbes dissolu'd last honour haue,
And fun'rall Rites with pompe are deckt,

The

204 *A funerall Hymne out of Prudentius.*

The custome is to spread abroad
 VWhite linnens, grac'd with splendour pure,
 Sabæan Myrrh on bodies strow'd,
 Preserues them from decay secure.
 The hollow stones by Caruers wrought,
 VWhich in faire monuments are laid,
 Declare that pledges thither brought,
 Are not to death but sleepe conuay'd.
 The pious Christians this ordaine,
 Beleeuing with a prudent eye,
 That those shall rise and liue againe,
 Who now in freezing slumbers lye.
 He that the dead (disperst in fields)
 In pittie hides, with heapes of molds,
 To his Almightie Sauour yeelds,
 A worke which he with ioy beholds.
 The same Law warnes vs all to grone,
 VWhom one seuerẽ condition ties,
 And in anothers death to mone.
 All Fun'rales, as of our Allies,
 That Reu'rend man in goodnesse bred,
 VWho blest *Tobias* did beget,
 Preferr'd the buriall of the dead
 Before his meate, though ready set;
 He, while the seruants waiting stand,
 Forsakes the cups, the dishes leaues,
 And digges a graue with speedy hand,
 Which with the bones his teares receiues.

Rewards

A funerall Hymne out of Prudentius. 205

Rewards from heau'n this worke requite :
No slender price is here repaid,
God cleares the eyes that saw no light,
While Fishes gall on them is laid.
Then the Creator would descry,
How farre from reason they are led,
VVho sharpe and bitter things apply,
To soules on which new light is spred.
He also taught that to no wight,
The heau'nly Kingdome can be seene,
Till vext with wounds and darksome night,
He in the worlds rough waues hath been.
The curse of death a blessing finds,
Because by this tormenting woe,
Steepe waies lye plaine to spotlesse minds,
VVho to the Starres by sorrowes goe.
The bodies which long perisht lay,
Returne to liue in better yeeres :
That vnion neuer shall decay,
VVhere after death new warmth appears.
The face where now pale colour dwels,
VVhence foule infection shall arise,
The flowres in splendour then excels,
VVhen blood the skinne with beauty dies.
No age by Times imperious law,
With enuious prints the forehead dimmes :
No drought, no leanenesse then can draw
The moysture from the wither'd limmes.

Diseases,

206 *A funerall Hymne out of Prudentius.*

Diseases, which the body eate,
 Infected with oppressing paines,
 In midst of torments then shall sweate,
 Imprison'd in a thousand chaines.
 The conqu'ring flesh immortall growes,
 Beholding from the skies aboue,
 The endlesse groning of her foes,
 For sorrowes which from them did moue.
 VVhy are vndecent howlings mixt
 By liuing men in such a case?
 VVhy are decrees so sweetly fixt,
 Reprou'd with discontented face?
 Let all complaints and inurmurs faile;
 Ye tender mothers stay your teares,
 Let none their children deare bewaile,
 For life renew'd in death appeares.
 So buried seeds, though dry and dead,
 Againe with smiling greenenesse spring:
 And from the hollow furrowes bred,
 Attempt new eares of corne to bring.
 Earth, take this man with kind embrace,
 In thy soft bosome him conceiue:
 For humane members here I place,
 And gen'rous parts in trust I leaue.
 This house, the soule her guest once felt,
 VVhich from the Makers mouth proceeds:
 Here sometime feruent wisdome dwelt,
 VVhich Christ the Prince of VVisedome breeds.

A funerall Hymne out of Prudentius. 207

A cou'ring for this body make,
The Author neuer will forget
His workes; nor will those lookes forsake,
In which he hath his Picture set.
For when the course of time is past,
And all our hopes fulfill'd shall be,
Thou op'ning must restore at last,
The limbes in shape which now we see.
Nor if long age with pow'rfull reigne,
Shall turne the bones to scatter'd dust;
And onely ashes shall retaine,
In compasse of a handfull thrust:
Nor if swift Floods, or strong command
Of VVindes through empty Ayre haue tost
The members with the flying Sand;
Yet man is neuer fully lost,
O God, while mortall bodies are
Recall'd by thee, and form'd againe.
VVhat happy seate wilt thou prepare,
VVhere spotlesse soules may safe remaine,
In *Abrahams* bosome they shall lie
Like *Lazarus*, whose flowry Crowne
The rich man doth farre off espie,
While him sharpe fiery torments drowne.
Thy words, O Sauour we respect,
Whose triumph driues black Death to losse,
When in thy steps thou would'st direct
The Thiefe thy fellow on the Crosse.

The

208 *A funerall Hymne out of Prudentius.*

The faithfull see a shining way,
Whose length to Paradife extends,
This can them to those trees conuay,
Lost by the Serpents cunning ends.
To Thee I pray, most certaine Guide :
O let this soule which thee obey'd,
In her faire birth-place pure abide,
From which she, banisht, long hath stray'd.
While we vpon the couer'd bones
Sweet violets and leaues will throw :
The tittle and the cold hard stones,
Shall with our liquid odours flow.

FINIS.

